# The Relief Society Magazine

AY 29 1950

VOL. 37 NO. 6 JUNE 1950

# THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Monthly publication of the Relief Society of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

RELIEF SOCIETY GENERAL BOARD

Belle S. Spafford - - - - - - President
Marianne C. Sharp - - - - - First Counselor
Velma N. Simonsen - - - - - Second Counselor
Margaret C. Pickering - - - - - Secretary-Treasurer

Achsa E. Paxman, Leone G. Layton, Lillie C. Adams, Alta J. Vance
Mary G. Judd, Blanche B. Stoddard, Ethel C. Smith, Christine H. Robinson
Anna B. Hart, Evon W. Peterson, Louise W. Madsen, Alberta H. Christensen
Edith S. Elliott, Leone O. Jacobs, Aleine M. Young, Nellie W. Neal
Florence J. Madsen, Mary J. Wilson, Josie B. Bay

RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Editor - - - - - - - - - - Marianne C. Sharp
Associate Editor - - - - - - - - - Vesta P. Crawford
General Manager - - - - - - - - - Belle S. Spafford

Vol. 37 JUNE 1950 No. 6

# *Contents*

**SPECIAL FEATURES**

Brigham Young ..... Levi Edgar Young 364
Contest Announcements—1950 ..... 373
Eliza R. Snow Poem Contest ..... 373
Relief Society Short Story Contest ..... 374
On Building a Poem ..... Anna Prince Redd 376
The Short Story With a Plot ..... Ramona W. Cannon 379
A Converts' Granddaughter Returns—Part II ..... Helen and Cyril Pearson 394
The Vow of Oberammergau ..... Mirla Greenwood Thayne 404

**FICTION**

Hall of Fulfillment ..... Fay Tarlock 383
Postlude to Spring ..... Christie Lund Coles 392
Dark in the Chrysalis—Chapter 6 ..... Alice Morrey Bailey 407

**GENERAL FEATURES**

Sixty Years Ago ..... 388
Woman's Sphere ..... Ramona W. Cannon 389
Editorial: Brigham Young—Loyal and True ..... Marianne C. Sharp 390
Notes From the Field: Bazaars, Socials, and Other Activities ..... General Secretary-Treasurer, Margaret C. Pickering 416
From Near and Far ..... 432

**FEATURES FOR THE HOME**

Immunize Against Accidents ..... Evelyn Kidneigh 399
Garden Meditation ..... Ezra J. Poulsen 400
European Pottery and Porcelain ..... Rachel K. Laurgaard 411
A Letter From Mother ..... Clara Horne Park 425

**POETRY**

Floral Offering—Frontispiece ..... Eva Willes Wangsgaard 363
Temple at Dusk ..... Margery S. Stewart 372
Paradox ..... Lizabeth Wall 375
A Gray Hawk Circling ..... Marvin Jones 378
Viewpoint ..... Lurene Gates Wilkinson 382
Friend of Nature ..... Clarence Edwin Flynn 391
There Is No Sign ..... C. Cameron Johns 399
Language of the Trees ..... Ruth Harwood 406
Mountain River ..... Elizabeth Waters 415

**PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE GENERAL BOARD OF RELIEF SOCIETY**

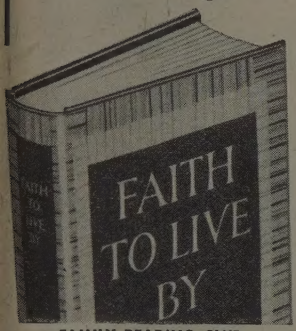
Editorial and Business Offices: 28 Bishop's Building, Salt Lake City 1, Utah, Phone 3-2741: Subscriptions 246; Editorial Dept. 245. Subscription Price: $1.50 a year; foreign, $2.00 a year: payable in advance. Single copy, 15c. The **Magazine** is not sent after subscription expires. No back numbers can be supplied. Renew promptly so that no copies will be missed. Report change of address at once, giving old and new address.

Entered as second-class Matter February 18, 1914, at the Post Office, Salt Lake City, Utah, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in section 1103, Act of October 8, 1917, authorized June 29, 1918. Manuscripts will not be returned unless return postage is enclosed. Rejected manuscripts will be retained for six months only. The **Magazine** is not responsible for unsolicited manuscripts.

# ABSOLUTELY FREE

**"FAITH TO LIVE BY"** *By Alson J. Smith*

## *The True Secret of Health, Courage, Success and Happiness*




**FAMILY READING CLUB DOUBLE GUARANTEE**

**First:** the Club guarantees the high standard of all its selections. **Second:** should any selection meet with your disapproval, you may return it within thirty days for full credit.

Here is an absorbing revelation of just what *faith* is and how you can use it to triumph over the conflicts of everyday life. "Faith," says Dr. Smith, "is the philosopher's stone which marvelously transforms desperation into hope, sickness into health, and death into life. How do I know? *Because I have seen it do all of these things.*"

Yes, faith can solve family problems, help master worry, change fear into action—and this wonderful new book proves it. The publisher's regular retail edition is priced at $2.50, but we want to send you *your* copy ABSOLUTELY FREE—whether or not you join the Family Reading Club—to demonstrate the kind of important reading you will receive if you do decide to become a member. Read the details of this unusual offer below; read how the Family Reading Club brings its members the finest books each month—at prices much less than the publishers' retail editions. And read how you may obtain a copy of "Gentian Hill" by Elizabeth Goudge as your first Club selection if you decide to join.

**A HINT OF THE CONTENTS OF THIS GREAT BOOK**

- THE MEANING OF FAITH
- FAITH AND PURPOSE
- HOW FAITH HEALS
- A FAITH TO FACE THE DAILY GRIND
- A FAITH TO OVERCOME PESSIMISM
- A FAITH TO OVERCOME HANDICAPS
- A FAITH TO OVERCOME OBSESSION
- A FAITH TO OVERCOME FEAR
- A FAITH TO OVERCOME MARITAL DISCORD
- A FAITH TO STRENGTHEN THE HOME
- A FAITH TO CONQUER ALCOHOLISM
- A FAITH TO FACE DEATH
- FAITH IS POWER

## Why The *Family Reading Club* Makes You This Offer

The Family Reading Club was founded to select books or the whole family—books which are worthwhile, interesting and entertaining *without being sensational.* Each month our Board of Editors selects one book from among the many submitted by publishers—the one book it can recommend most enthusiastically to members. These are always books that can be read with pleasure by every member of the family—books that can be discussed by all, that will become prized library volumes.

**How Club Members Save 50%**

If you join the Family Reading Club, you will receive the Club's review of the forthcoming selection each month. It is not necessary to accept a book each month—only four during an entire year to retain membership. And instead of paying $2.75 to $3.50 for each book, members pay only $1.89—plus a few cents for postage and handling. In addition, members receive a free Bonus Book with each four selections they buy, thus saving up to 50% on books they receive from the Club!

**Send No Money—Just Mail Coupon**

Send no money—just mail the coupon. We will send you your copy of "Faith to Live By" *free*—plus a copy of "Gentian Hill" as your first selection, together with the complete story of the Family Reading Club. At the same time we will reserve a membership in your name. If you decide to cancel your reservation, merely return the copy of "Gentian Hill" within 10 days and there will be no further obligation. But whether or not you join the Club, the copy of "Faith to Live By" is yours to keep ABSOLUTELY FREE. However, as the number of free copies to be distributed in this way is limited, we urge you to mail the coupon now!

**"GENTIAN HILL"**
*by Elizabeth Goudge*

The author of "Pilgrim's Inn" now tells the story of two orphans who came together to relive one of the most beautiful legends in English folklore. Published at $3.50, but as your first selection, only $1.89.

**FAMILY READING CLUB ● MINEOLA, NEW YORK**

Mail This Coupon

## ABSOLUTELY FREE

**"FAITH TO LIVE BY"**

**FAMILY READING CLUB, DEPT. 6 RSM**
**MINEOLA, NEW YORK**

Please send me at once a copy of "Faith to Live By" and also a copy of "Gentian Hill." At the same time, reserve a membership for me in the Club. If I decide not to join the Club, I will return "Gentian Hill" within 10 days and you are to cancel my reservation. Otherwise enroll me as a member and send me each month a review of the Club's forthcoming selection, which I may accept or reject as I choose. There are no membership dues or fees, only the requirement—if I join—to accept a minimum of four Club selections (beginning with "Gentian Hill") during the coming twelve months at only $1.89 each, plus postage and handling. As a member, I will be entitled to a free Bonus Book with each four Club selections I accept. The copy of "Faith to Live By" is mine to keep—free—whether or not I join.

Mr.
Mrs.
Miss (Please Print)

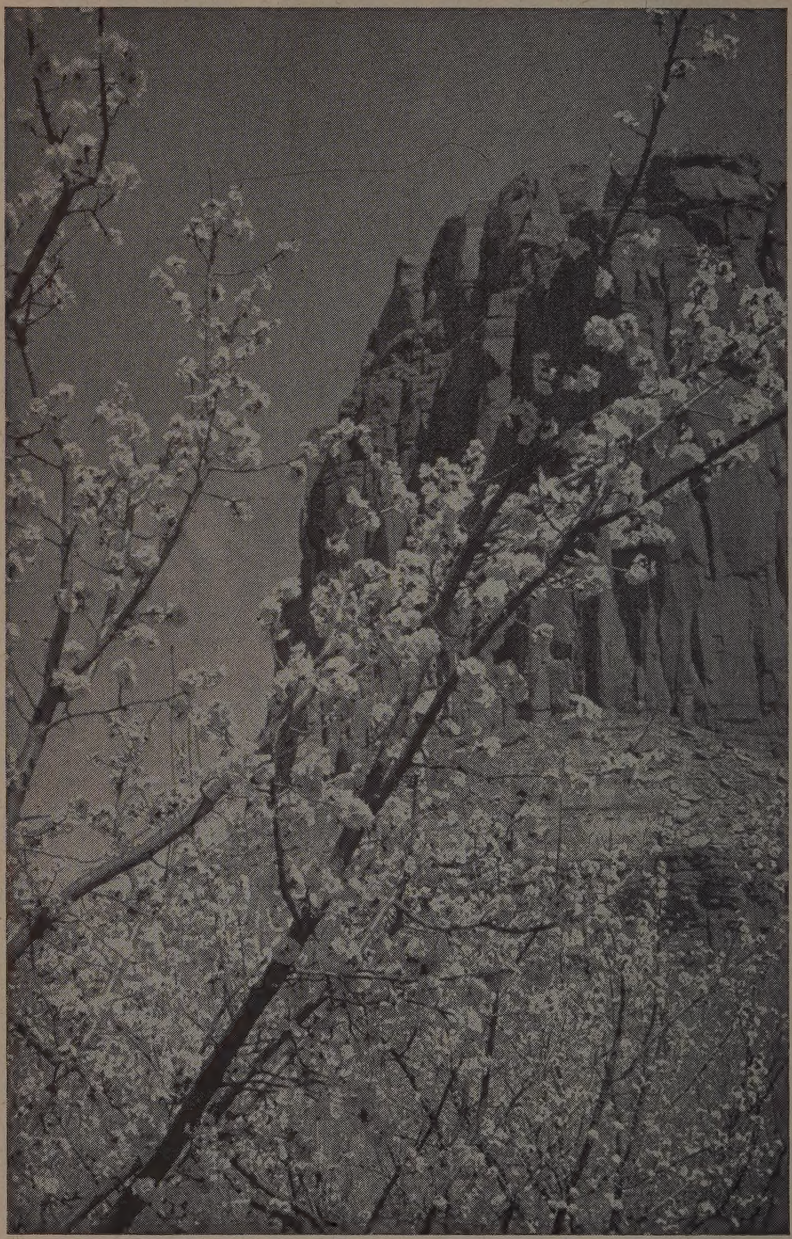
Address .....

City ..... Zone .... State .....

Age if under 21 .....

Occupation .....

Same price in Canada: 105 Bond St., Toronto 2, Ont.
Offer good only in U.S.A. and Canada.



Willard Luce

BLOSSOMS IN THE CANYON

THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

VOL. 37, NO. 6 JUNE 1950

# Floral Offering

*Eva Willes Wangsgaard*

I send you this bouquet of purple phlox
But more than petaled silk I offer you
The perfume that the evening star unlocks,
The sun in warm intensities, the dew
Reflecting dawn, and midnight's purple peace.
The rain is here and cool embrace of snow,
The mold of leaves once scarlet, spring's release.
The living loam, and life's mysterious flow.

I offer all of these, but you alone
Can know if it is earth or sky you hold.
The sky records no path where birds have flown,
No song or wing print, feather gray or gold;
But nothing is minute enough to bare
Its breast to earth and leave no imprint there.

The Cover: Blossoms of the Joshua Tree, Photograph by Josef Muench.

# Brigham Young

*President Levi Edgar Young*
Of the First Council of Seventy

NO man ever stretched forth his hands to mankind with a purer gesture; no man ever tried to make people happier than did Brigham Young. His life was one of conflict with his fellow men, for he was compelled to suffer the injustices of men who did not appreciate his ideals of religion and life. His comprehension of the feelings of children and youth gave him an appreciation of their hidden powers which naturally made them love the right. His sense of responsibility and love of duty made him kind. Yet he was a power and gave expressions of justice and the right with words not to be misunderstood. A hard worker and organizer, he led his people as a true leader, for people felt the power of his courage and rare intelligence. The Priesthood of God gave men power, and he awakened that power to activity and ideals for the establishing of faith in God and a rare patriotism which made for the kingdom of the hereafter.

Brigham Young may be seen from many viewpoints. Born in a New England cabin in the State of Vermont, June 1, 1801, he knew from the beginning the meaning of pioneer life. When he became a member of the Church of Jesus Christ over which he was destined to preside, he first went forth as a humble missionary. Poor in purse, but rich in spirit, he acquired a knowledge and understanding of people's hearts. He saw men cut down the sturdy oaks of the forests and build cabins for their homes. He knew the hardships of the clearing of the land for corn and wheat fields, and he developed that quick and accurate observation vouchsafed to few men.

Large in purpose was the march of the Mormon pioneers to the West under Brigham Young's leadership, for it resulted in the creation of a commonwealth which takes its place industrially, socially, and intellectually among the foremost states of the Union. The winter of 1845-46 was a sorrowful time for the Mormons in Nauvoo. Forced out of their city, they crossed as an organized company the ice-bound Mississippi River, and camped on the frozen grounds of Iowa. Nine little babies were born in one night in the snow-beleaguered camps. Men, women, and children had been forced into the wilderness; and anxious, alert, hungry, and weary, they followed their leader and were unafraid. There were no roads, and day by day they were compelled to ford dangerous streams, and to struggle through the mire of the days of melting snows.

Into the silent new country beyond the Mississippi they marched on and on, knowing always that in the depths of the western wilds, Indians lurked to beset their paths. But the mists of distance were mellow and golden, and soon the winds of spring blew fresh and fair. In the long march to the country be-

yond the Rocky Mountains, they realized that the boundaries of spiritual life were broadening; the physical frontier was becoming more flexible and vibrating. They had large problems to solve, and they knew that they could only be solved by open-minded constructive thought. They did not think of themselves alone, but of future generations.

As we look back to those days, someone must have carried the chalice; someone must have borne the message of Christ our Lord. Those pioneers believed and proved by their work that art, knowledge, and religion are the unifying powers of life. Yet in the history of human achievement, progress comes as a result of the hands of toil. After their long trek over the plains, the pioneers drank of the waters of the mountain streams and heard the voice of their leader declare that "This Is the Place," and they realized that the problems of material existence and life must first be solved. They plowed on the first days, they planted their gardens; they turned the waters of the streams upon the land, and dedicated their work to God. The sagebrush waste and Indian wickiup gave way to the things that make for civilization and the larger life. Joseph Conrad, in his novel entitled *Lord Jim*, has written these words concerning the people who go out into the wilderness to build their homes:

> To us their less-tried successors, they appear not as agents of trade, but as instruments of a recorded destiny; pushing out into the unknown in obedience to an inward voice, to an impulse beating in the blood, to a dream of the future.

Into whatever climes the pioneers went, they were forced to conquer the soil, to dig ditches and canals, to fight the pests, to endure the cold of winter. They sang at their work, for they loved the soil. The blessing of God was over all the land. The sunlight gave forth life; streams and mountains became filled with the power of a new day. The desert was flooded with light; and happiness was in their homes, though they were at first but sagebrush huts and log cabins.

WHILE in camp at Winter Quarters, President Young was visited by Indian chiefs who solicited help from him and his people. On this matter Brigham Young wrote to the President of the United States in behalf of his people:

NEAR COUNCIL BLUFFS, BUTLER'S PARK

Omaha Nation, Sept. 7, 1846

Sir:

Since our communication of the 9th ult. to Your Excellency, the Omaha Indians have returned from their summer hunt, and we have had an interview in general council with their chiefs and braves, who express a willingness that we should tarry on their lands, and use what wood and timber would be necessary for our convenience, while we were preparing to prosecute our journey, as may be seen from a duplicate of theirs to us of the 31st of August, which will be presented by Col. Kane.

In council they were much more specific than in their writings, and Big Elk, in behalf of his nation, requested us to lend them teams to draw their corn at harvest, and help keep it after it was deposited, to assist them in building houses, making fields, doing some blacksmithing, etc., and to teach some of their young men

to do the same, and also keep some goods and trade them while we tarried among them.

We responded to all their wishes in the same spirit of kindness manifested by them, and told them we would do them all the good we could, with the same proviso they made, if the President was willing; and this is why we write.

Should Your Excellency consider the request of the Indians for instruction, etc., reasonable, and signify the same to us, we will give them all the information in mechanism and farming the nature of the case will admit, which will give us the opportunity of getting the assistance of their men to help us herd and labor, which we have much needed since the organization of the battalion.

A license, giving us permission to trade with the Indians while we are tarrying on or passing through their lands, made out in the name of Newel K. Whitney, our agent in camp, would be a favor to our people and our red neighbors. All of which is submitted to Your Excellency's consideration and the confidence of Col. Kane.

Done in behalf of the council of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, at the time and place before mentioned, and Camp of Israel.

Most respectfully,

BRIGHAM YOUNG, President.
WILLARD RICHARDS, Clerk

To James K. Polk, President U. S.

Brigham Young knew that he had settled on the lands that were claimed by the Indians. Justice must be done them. Among his friends from the first was Chief Washakie, who, with a considerable following, arrived in Salt Lake, August 6, 1847. With five of his warriors he called upon Governor Young and expressed a desire to trade with the Mormons, and to conclude a peace with the Ute Indian chief, Walker. Beautifully is the meeting of September 3d described by the historian, Dr. Grace Hibbard:

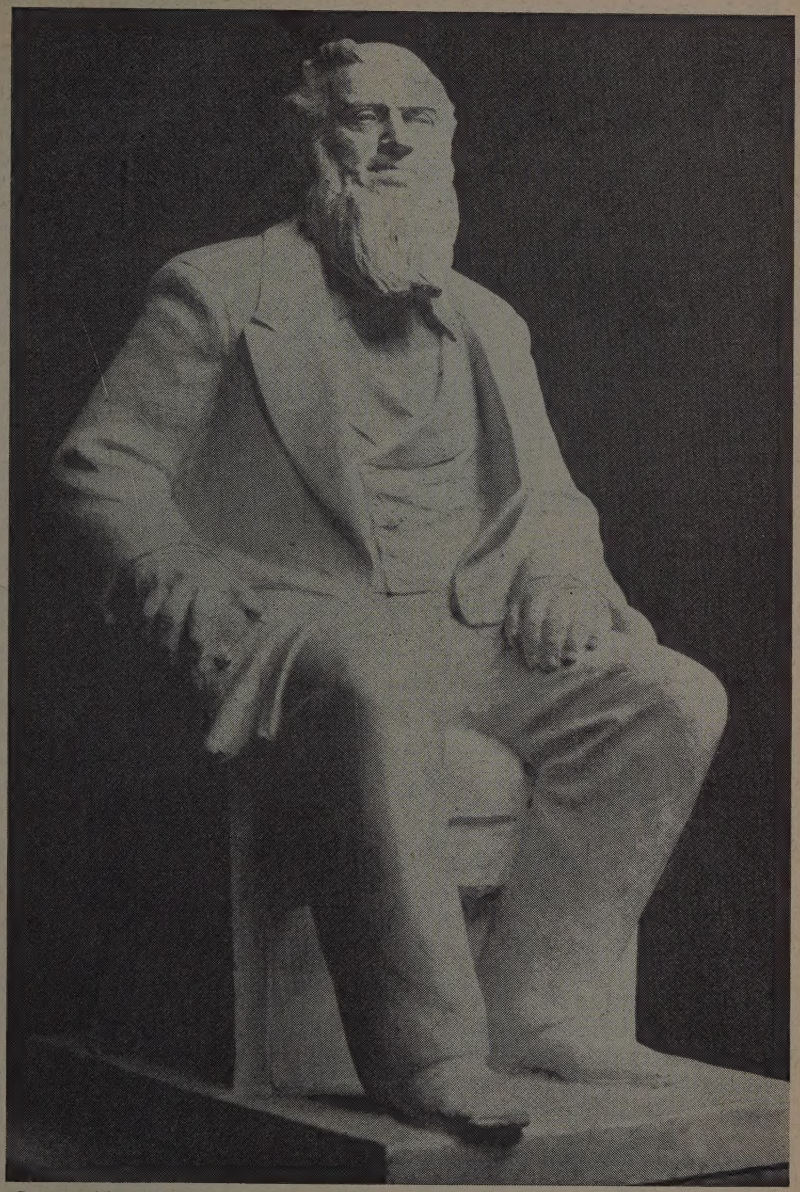
Each chief brought with him about fifty of his warriors, and when Governor Young asked Walker and Washakie if they wished to make peace and to be friends with each other, the answer from both chiefs was, "Yes," whereupon Young requested each warrior who was of the same mind to rise and hold up his right hand. The vote was unanimous. He told them that they must never fight each other again, but must live in peace so that they could travel in each other's company and trade with each other.

The pipe of peace was then produced and offered to the Great Spirit. Every one of the Indians smoked in token of lasting friendship.

The colonists were constantly admonished by President Young to try to understand the Indians and to deal with them honestly and righteously. He made a remarkable statement, concerning the Indians, in 1856, when he said:

Let the millions of acres of land now lying waste be given to the Indians for cultivation and use. Let the poor Indians be taught the arts of civilization, and to draw their sustenance from the ample and sure resources of mother earth, and to follow the peaceful avocations of the tiller of the soil, raising grain and stock for subsistence, instead of pursuing the uncertain chances of war and game for a livelihood.

ONE of the first laws of Utah Territory established and provided for a uniform system of schools supported by public taxation. Every county was divided into school districts which were the



Courtesy, The Salt Lake Tribune

STATUE OF BRIGHAM YOUNG BY MAHONRI YOUNG
Placed in Statuary Hall, Washington, D. C. June 1, 1950
(Photograph is of the plaster model exhibited in
Salt Lake City, Utah, in 1947.)

Courtesy, The Deseret News

BRIGHAM YOUNG MONUMENT
At his birthplace in Whitingham, Vermont
Dedicated May 28, 1950

This monument was designed by five grandsons of Brigham Young: Don C. Young, George Cannon Young, Lorenzo S. Young, Georgius Y. Cannon, and Edward P. Young.

* * * *

ecclesiastical and political units of the government. Towns were far apart and communication was difficult, but with the laying out of towns and settlements, a school and meeting house were the first public buildings to be constructed. Schools were thriving in 1850.

The *Deseret News* has this to say in its issue of November 27, 1850:

> Common schools were beginning in all parts of the city for the winter; and plans for the construction of school houses in every ward were being made, with a view for a general system of school houses throughout the city. One plan had already been submitted, which comprised three large school rooms, a large hall for lecturing, a private study, reading room and library. A parent or High School began on the 11th of November; terms, thirty shillings per quarter, under the direction of Chancellor Spencer. It is expected that teachers generally will have access to this school, and through them a system of uniformity will be established for conducting schools throughout the valleys. Elder Woodruff has arrived with nearly two tons of school books. Donations from the states are already arriving in the shape of scientific instruments, and other apparatus for the benefit of the University; also valuable books for the library. Mr. W. I. Appleby is the librarian.

In 1852, Robert L. Campbell, the secretary of the Board of Regents of the University of Deseret, said:

> We are happy to report that many select schools are in successful operation combining the languages and the higher branches of education generally.

The founding of the University of Utah was contemporary with the founding of the State. After the harvest of 1848, in which year the gulls saved the crops, the pioneers began to plan for the building of a higher institution of learning, where the "rising generation" might partake of the influences conducive to "good citizenship." The people were over a thousand miles from the borders of civilization, and though they were just beginning to build their homes in the very heart of the Great Basin, and were without money, they opened in a very humble manner the first university west of the Missouri River. Soon after the organization of the provisional government of the State of Deseret, Governor Brigham Young signed an act, passed by the first legislative assembly, incorporat-

ing the University of the State of Deseret. This ordinance was approved February 28, 1850. The same legislative assembly that created the charter elected Orson Spencer, chancellor, and the following men as regents: Daniel Spencer, Orson Pratt, John M. Bernhisel, Samuel W. Richards, W. W. Phelps, Albert Carrington, William I. Appleby, Daniel H. Wells, Robert L. Campbell, Hosea Stout, Elias Smith, and Zerubbabel Snow.

THE University of Utah, or the "parent school," was opened in the home of John Pack in the Seventeenth Ward of Salt Lake City, November 11, 1850. The *Deseret News* of November 16th says:

> The Parent School commenced on Monday at the home of Mrs. Pack in the Seventeenth Ward under the direction and supervision of Professor Orson Spencer. The Board of Regents has employed Dr. Cyrus W. Collins, M. A., for President, who will teach all branches taught in the High School. The prospects are favorable for a rapid advance in the sciences.

In the same issue, the *News* announced the arrival of school books into the valley, which were brought by Wilford Woodruff. The Pack house was located on the corner of West Temple and First North, immediately east of the present Seventeenth Ward chapel. Sessions of the school were held in the parlor, and immediately across the hall was located the first store in Utah, where gold dust and beaver skins were used as mediums of exchange, and where goods were bartered off.

In 1855, President Young organized the "Universal Scientific Society," for the purpose of studying the scientific and historical questions and problems. A museum, library, and reading room were to be built, and a resolution was passed by the Board of Control stating that it would act and co-operate with the Board of Regents of the University of Deseret. Governor Young, in addressing the society in the Sixteenth Ward, in 1855, said:

> We wish you to go ahead and organize the society. Elect good officers and have lectures on every branch of science as often as possible.

The members proceeded to organize the society and extended an invitation to all the young men of Salt Lake City and the surrounding settlements to become members, and "unite in making a systematic study of the fauna and flora of Utah; and do all in their power to keep the history of their towns and to make careful record of Indian legends and traditions." Wilford Woodruff became the first president of the society, and, at a meeting held January 8, 1855, the University of Deseret was solicited to extend its aid in every way possible.

* * * *

JOHN RUSKIN once wrote: "The power of the human mind had its growth in the wilderness: much more must be the conception, the love of beauty be an image of God's daily work." Centers of art and music were built in pioneer days. There was the "Tabernacle in the Wilderness," which is a fine example of the utilizing of the re-

sources of the land for the purpose of having a place of divine worship. The building impresses one as an immense irresistible force, "humbly superhuman," and an example of sovereign intelligence and feeling. It is, as the great Ibsen would say, "an illumination of life." Thomas E. Tallmadge says in speaking of Greek classicism found in America:

> Up and down the Atlantic sea board, through the Western Reserve, along the Gulf of Mexico, up the Mississippi, and over the plains, the Greek Revival spread. I have noticed that the famous Tabernacle built in Salt Lake City by that extraordinary man, Brigham Young, has the tell-tale Greek profiles in its mouldings and cornices. In all these localities, climate, building materials, and even the habits of the people differ enormously. Yet the style of architecture and even its forms are common to all.

While from the beginning, it has been a place of divine worship, the great Tabernacle has always been a center for music, and the celebrated artists of the world have sung here. Symphony orchestras from the large musical centers of America have played upon its stage, and many of the world's noted speakers and lecturers have spoken from its rostrum.

On July 5, 1869, exercises in honor of Independence Day were held in the Tabernacle, and were attended by the school children of the city, as well as the students of the University of Deseret. The different industries of the Territory were represented, and on the stand in front of the large organ the students of the University displayed a banner, on which were the words, "Protecteriam Scientiarum et Artium." (Let us protect the sciences and the arts.) On another banner was the sentence: "Our Nation's Prosperity Lies In The Education Of Her Children." On various occasions the National Educational Association has held its sessions here.

THEN there was the old Salt Lake Theater, which was patterned after the Drury Lane Theater of London. Prophet as he was of the nobler things of life, President Brigham Young used to say that the drama is irresistible, and that the people can be kept happy by having clean and noble amusements. "Therefore," said he, "let us organize and build a theater and have a local company of good actors." In this, President Young had his own supreme ideal. The famous old Salt Lake Theater was an expression of the high ideals of the Latter-day Saints. Mr. M. B. Leavitt, in his book entitled *Fifty Years of Theatrical Management*, says:

> I appreciate the task of writing a chapter on Salt Lake City with all respect and admiration that dignity, intelligence, honesty and artistic instinct always command. Sweeping as the statement may seem, I do not believe that the theater has ever rested upon a higher plane, both as to its purpose and its offerings, than at Salt Lake City.

At the time of its erection, it was not surpassed in magnitude, completeness, and equipment by any other existing house, and it had one of the largest stages in America. The floor of the theater was supported by heavy trunks of pine trees, suggestive of enduring strength. They rested on sandstone bases, as cement was not then in

use. In the erection of the building, many difficulties had to be overcome. Iron had to be obtained, and President Young sent men with teams to the plains to gather up the iron in the form of old wagon tires and other junk that had been left by Johnston's army.

The theater was opened the night of March 6, 1862, with simple and impressive exercises. The orchestra played the "Star Spangled Banner," and President Young expressed his hopes that the theater would glorify the work of the Lord. A large orchestra, under the leadership of Professor C. J. Thomas, rendered the musical selections, and the play was "The Pride of the Market."

Before the completion of the transcontinental railroad in 1869, famous actors came to Salt Lake over the plains by stagecoach, and there are people still living who recall the famous stars like John Lyne, John McCullough, Sir George Pauncefort, Julia Deane, and many others who brought a repertory of plays of Shakespeare, Sheridan, and other masters of the art of playwriting. It was a place where the masterpieces of the drama and tragedy were presented for study and stimulation. When one thinks of the old theater becoming the center of the classical drama in days of the stagecoach, one becomes deeply appreciative of the love for art among the Mormon pioneers in that early day. On one occasion Julia Deane spoke before the footlights of the old stage and said:

> To President Young for many courtesies to a stranger, alone and unprotected, I return my thanks, which are hallowed by their earnestness; and I trust that he will permit me in the name of my art to speak my appreciation of the order and beauty that reigns throughout this house. I would that the same purity

Charles R. Savage

SALT LAKE THEATER
Opened March 6, 1862

prevailed in every temple for the drama's teachings.

On March 6, 1912, the fiftieth anniversary of the old theater was held. The house was crowded with a deeply sympathetic audience. Hyrum B. Clawson spoke on the history of the playhouse, and the audience was brought to tears when he quoted Ruskin's words: "God never forgets any work of labor and love." Then came the venerable "Phil" Margetts who was wheeled upon the stage in a chair. He had gone blind, but with almost superhuman strength and in solemn beautiful voice he recited the lines of Macbeth:

Tomorrow, and tomorrow, and tomorrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
To the last syllable of recorded time:
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!
Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage
And then is heard no more.

A few months later, the noted actor passed away.

This article gives just a few highlights of the life of President Brigham Young. Some day he will be evaluated in the light of American history, and will take his place as one of the greatest of Americans. Impressive will be the ceremonies of the unveiling of the monument at his birthplace in Vermont, and the placing of his statue in the Capitol at Washington D. C., June 1, 1950, on the 149th anniversary of the birth of Brigham Young.

## *Temple at Dusk*

*Margery S. Stewart*

The night was whispering toward the town
But had not lit a single star,
The dusk, all cobalt blue, fell down
From skies like lapis lazuli.
Then suddenly the lights sprang up;
Like silver fountains on the spires,
They reached them up all light without,
Lighted within from greater fires.
No night could enter where they blazed
Above the gray, triumphant walls,
But we, the seekers, stood amazed,
Travel-stained, forlorn with searching.
This loveliness that burned our eyes,
This light that reached to farthest heaven,
These spires like spears against the skies,
Holding the fiercest shadow back,
Was it for us? It held too much
For pilgrims from an alien shore.
Who, in one blinding moment saw
The golden words within their touch.

# Contest Announcements—1950

THE Eliza R. Snow Poem Contest and the Relief Society Short Story Contest are conducted annually by the general board of Relief Society to stimulate creative writing among Latter-day Saint women and to encourage high standards of work. Latter-day Saint women who qualify under the rules of the respective contests are invited to enter their work in either or both contests.

The general board would be pleased to receive entries from the outlying stakes and missions of the Church as well as from those in and near Utah. Since the two contests are entirely separate, requiring different writing skills, the winning of an award in one of them in no way precludes winning in the other. It is suggested that authors who plan to enter the contest study carefully the articles on creative writing which appear in this *Magazine*, and also similar articles in the June issues for 1947, 1948, and 1949: "The Art of Poetry Writing—A Symposium of Opinions," page 370, June 1947, and "We Want to Write," page 375, June 1947; "For Makers of Rhythmic Beauty," page 370, June 1948; "You Can Write a Prize Winner," page 372, June 1948; "Points for Poets to Remember," page 371, June 1949; "On Writing a Short Story," page 374, June 1949.

## *Eliza R. Snow Poem Contest*

THE Eliza R. Snow Poem Contest opens with this announcement and closes September 15, 1950. Prizes will be awarded as follows:

| | |
|---|---|
| First prize | $25 |
| Second prize | $20 |
| Third prize | $15 |

Prize poems will be published in the January 1951 issue of *The Relief Society Magazine* (the birth month of Eliza R. Snow).

Prize-winning poems become the property of the Relief Society general board and may not be published by others except upon written permission from the general board. The general board reserves the right to publish any of the other poems submitted, paying for them at the time of publication at the regular *Magazine* rates.

Rules for the contest:

1. This contest is open to all Latter-day Saint women, exclusive of members of the Relief Society general board, and employees of the Relief Society general board.

2. Only one poem may be submitted by each contestant.

3. The poem must not exceed fifty lines and should be typewritten, if possible; where this cannot be done, it should be legibly written. Only one side of the paper is to be used. (A duplicate copy of the poem should be retained by contestant to insure against loss.)

4. The sheet on which the poem is written is to be without signature or other identifying marks.

5. No explanatory material or picture is to accompany the poem.

6. Each poem is to be accompanied by a stamped envelope on which is written the contestant's name and address. Nom de plumes are not to be used.

7. *A signed statement is to accompany the poem submitted, certifying:*

a. That the author is a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.
b. That the poem (state the title) is the contestant's original work.
c. That it has never been published.
d. That it is not in the hands of an editor or other person with a view to publication.
e. That it will not be published nor submitted elsewhere for publication until the contest is decided.

8. A writer who has received the first prize for two consecutive years must wait two years before she is again eligible to enter the contest.

9. The judges shall consist of one member of the general board, one person from the English department of an educational institution, and one person who is a recognized writer. In case of complete disagreement among judges, all poems selected for a place by the various judges will be submitted to a specially selected committee for final decision.

In evaluating the poems, consideration will be given to the following points:

a. Message or theme
b. Form and pattern
c. Rhythm and meter
d. Accomplishment of the purpose of the poem
e. Climax

10. Entries must be postmarked not later than September 15, 1950.

11. All entries are to be addressed to Relief Society Eliza R. Snow Poem Contest, 28 Bishop's Building, Salt Lake City 1, Utah.

# *Relief Society Short Story Contest*

THE Relief Society Short Story Contest for 1950 opens with this announcement and closes September 15, 1950.

The prizes this year will be as follows:

First prize .....$50
Second prize .....$40
Third prize .....$30

The three prize-winning stories will be published consecutively in the first three issues of *The Relief Society Magazine* for 1951. Prize-winning stories become the property of the Relief Society general board and may not be published by others except upon written permission from the general board. The general board reserves the right to publish any of the other stories entered in the contest, paying for them at the time of publication at the regular *Magazine* rates.

Rules for the contest:

1. This contest is open to Latter-day Saint women—exclusive of members of the Relief Society general board and employees of the general board—who have had at least one literary composition published or accepted for publication.

2. Only one story may be submitted by each contestant.

3. The story must not exceed 3,000 words in length and must be typewritten. (A duplicate copy of the story should be retained by contestants to insure against loss.)

4. The contestant's name is not to appear anywhere on the manuscript, but a stamped envelope on which is written the contestant's name and address is to be enclosed with the story. Nom de plumes are not to be used.

5. A signed statement is to accompany the story submitted certifying:

a. That the author is a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

b. That the author has had at least one literary composition published or accepted for publication. (This statement must give name and date of publication in which the contestant's work has appeared, or, if not yet published, evidence of acceptance for publication.)

c. That the story submitted (state the title and number of words) is the contestant's original work.

d. That it has never been published, that it is not in the hands of an editor or other person with a view to publication, and that it will not be published nor submitted elsewhere for publication until the contest is decided.

6. No explanatory material or picture is to accompany the story.

7. A writer who has received the first prize for two consecutive years must wait for two years before she is again eligible to enter the contest.

8. The judges shall consist of one member of the general board, one person from the English department of an educational institution, and one person who is a recognized writer. In case of complete disagreement among the judges, all stories selected for a place by the various judges will be submitted to a specially selected committee for final decision.

In evaluating the stories, consideration will be given to the following points:

a. Characters and their presentation

b. Plot development

c. Message of the story

d. Writing style

9. Entries must be postmarked not later than September 15, 1950.

10. All entries are to be addressed to Relief Society Short Story Contest, 28 Bishop's Building, Salt Lake City 1, Utah.

# *Paradox*

*Lizabeth Wall*

Quietly gentle as gray rain falling,
A miniature Mona Lisa in a starched blue pinafore,
She listens at the window to a small boy calling,
She gathers scattered playthings from a nursery floor.

Quietly lovely as anemones growing,
She rocks a sleeping baby in a chintz-covered chair,
And all her little mother-words are wise and knowing,
And the sunlight is kind on her smoothly braided hair.

*But now the lamps are lowered and it is very late,*
*There is a flash of footsteps, unlatching of a gate,*
*An amber shadow on the wall of long hair flying,*
*A little, nearly-dreamed-of sound, half-song, half-sighing.*
*Watch a moment, stranger, if you should chance to pass:*
*Her feet in golden sandals are dancing on the grass!*

# On Building a Poem

*Anna Prince Redd*

Author of "Hole In the Rock," "Where Trails Run Out," "Tomorrow's Cup," and other stories and poems.

A poem is a tangible thing, as tangible as any other object. It is a thing made up of words and phrases which express the thoughts of the poet. Each word is fitted with precision into the structure of the poem, just as a skilled mason fits his bricks into a building. Each word should fill exactly its place in the design. Any ugly, unproportioned, or unrelated word mars the beauty and effectiveness of the whole, and the result will not be pleasing and elevating to the senses.

William Carlos Williams, one of our most admired American poets, says there appears to be no peer to the influential poem. It is more articulate than painting, sculpture, architecture, or even music, with which it is so often compared. It is designed to stir the imagination and touch the hearts of many people. Therefore the poet's responsibility is great, especially to himself, for he is expressing something that is basically a part of himself. He must also interest and please his readers, or he will have no audience. If he is to succeed in his art, he must write poetry that is as good or better than that which his competitors offer.

Editors and teachers of versification agree that far too many would-be poets are careless and untrained workmen. This is evidenced, they say, by the large number of inartistic and technically incorrect poems which are being written by people unskilled and untrained in the art of poetry composition.

Yet there are many simple rules, which, if learned and applied, would turn those same poems into acceptable compositions. How-to-write articles on poetry fill the writers' magazines. Inversions, contractions, triteness are faults that are emphasized time and time again, yet poems employing them clutter the editors' desks and are sent in great numbers as entries for poem contests.

Perhaps you think these criticisms are generalities, as I did. Perhaps it will take you many months to realize that such criticism is pertinent to *you*—as I at long last did. Perhaps you are breaking your heart over seemingly impossible barriers, just as we all have done. If so, do something about it!

Years ago I wrote a poem and it was published. It was not a very good poem. And the sad part is that I didn't know it was not good. Not knowing, I accepted my good fortune and waited for another poem to be "born." It took exactly twenty-two years!

During all those years I had learned little about my craft. I studied, or thought I did; I took course after course, but I didn't really learn. (It is so easy to be misled about one's own poems!) I wrote the new poem simply because I was too full of emotion to suppress

it. But that happens not more than a time or two in any poet's life. The really "inspired" poem is rare. It is usually the tireless work of brain and heart that bears poetic fruit.

Among other things that I learned the hard way, before I began to have much poetry published, was *The Rule of Four*, in writing poetry. This is just what it says it is, four rules which constitute one of many ways to build a poem. It is, however, a simple and effective method, one which I still employ. These four rules, I shall treat concretely, using a poem of my own by way of illustration, a poem built by these rules.

Rule 1. The conception of the significant idea.
Rule 2. The development of the significant idea.
Rule 3. Preparation for the climax.
Rule 4. The climax.

NOW, let us consider these four points, one by one:

1. The significant idea, the thing around which every good poem is built, must be *important*, and should, in the more ambitious poems, present a universal truth. The poem may reveal an unexpected turn of events, a passing mood, an image. We must know what the poem is going to be about and tell it in the *first two lines* or in the *title*. Hint at what is to follow, but do not give the climax away.

2. Develop the idea. Emotionally, we begin at the bottom and work upward toward the climax, developing interest and suspense as we go along, just as in a short story. We exclude *cumbersome, unrelated items;* we keep the time element *progressive*. Morning before noon, noon before night.

3. We prepare the reader for the climax. With *rising* emotion, we begin to let the reader in on the secret—the climax. (In the sonnet, this is done in the sestet or the couplet.) It may be achieved by a slight pause in the thought, a different phrase. The significant idea must be felt to be worthwhile to this point. The closing lines must *justify* all that has gone before.

4. *The Climax!* Yes, with an exclamation point, for it is the reason for building the poem in the first place. It is the significant idea you had when you conceived the poem, and it must be told last. If it does not satisfy the reader, then the poem is a failure. The reader will not forgive you if you let him down.

So, now that we have set forth our four rules, or guiding points, let us see how they really work. The poem we shall use for illustration is "A Song the Heart Must Hear":

Love is a shimmering, mystic thing,
A song the heart must hear and sing;
As radiant as a wedding dress,
As frail a thing as happiness. . . .
Oh, why did I not know!
(*Relief Society Magazine*, May 1949)

*Analysis*: *Conception* (rule 1): Reread the rule and check with me. Is the idea significant? Does it embody a universal truth? Is it told in the first two lines, or in the title?

You, the reader, are the judge. Supposedly, the significant idea is: *Love is a shimmering, mystic thing.* We state it, then re-identify it in the second line (which is used as

the title, giving it double duty): *A song the heart must hear and sing!* Have we followed rule 1?

*Development* (rule 2): We further develop the significant idea in line three: *As radiant as a wedding dress.*

*Preparation for the climax,* (rule 3): Again check the rule. *As frail a thing as happiness. . . .* In what way are you prepared for the climax? Take the word *frail,* let it lead you back to the statement of the idea in the first line. Note the words, *shimmering* and *mystic.* Are they, in their essence, designed to reinforce each other?

*Climax* (rule 4): *Oh, why did I not know!* Again we check the rule. Does it satisfy the reader? Does it justify all that has gone before? Has it an unexpected twist, a surprise? Now that we think of it, were we prepared in advance for it? If so, we have done what we started out to do. We have written the poem's *last* line. Our story is told; let it remain. No moralizing, no explanation; no anything else—unless the poem is a "form" poem that demands it, such as the sonnet and the ballad. Simple, isn't it?

In conclusion, let me restate in the affirmative what may have been said in the negative. Know what words are *cumbersome* and *unrelated.* Know that the time element is progressive. Know about contractions and inversions. Know that the climax *is a climax.* Know that your idea is important and approaches universal truth; give it all the heart and brain you have, and it will be an object of beauty, a tangible thing to be read and remembered.

### *Books to Study*

Johnson, Burgess, *New Rhyming Dictionary and Poet's Handbook,* Harpers, New York, $2.50.

Wood, Clement, *Wood's Unabridged Rhyming Dictionary,* The World Publishing Company, Cleveland, Ohio, $3.50.

Hamilton, Anne, *How to Revise Your Own Poems,* The Writer, Inc., 8 Arlington Street, Boston, Massachusetts, $1.50.

Coblentz, Stanton A., *An Editor Looks at Poetry,* Wings Press, Mill Valley, California, $2.00.

Esenwein, J. Berg, and Roberts, Mary Eleanor, *The Art of Versification,* The Home Correspondence School, Springfield, Mass., $3.00.

## *A Gray Hawk Circling*

*Marvin Jones*

A gray hawk circles where the endless sage
Of desert silver merges with the sea—
And circling, does the gray hawk sense the age
Of desert silver— or infinity?
What prompts his reaching wings to challenge wind,
What wisdom lifts his wild heart to the sky,
And in what measure is *his* living thinned
By desert silver or a hurt, gray cry?
Gray as the phantom of relinquished springs,
I stood and reached to sky and sea and sand,
Reached to the wind and its imaginings
To find a greater desert in your hand . . . .

# The Short Story With a Plot

*Ramona W. Cannon**

MAY a "story" be classed as a story if it has no plot, in the generally accepted sense of the term? Some arbiters of short-story standards answer yes—others, no. We shall not argue for or against, but wish to call attention to the opinion of experienced craftsmen that *amateurs must master the plot-story before they can successfully write any other kind.* You know how most of us *long* to create the "art" story—in which the important aim is to sustain a mood, to highlight some very special character, to "render" a certain incident with beautiful and secret symbolism, or merely to reveal a "slice of life!"

But we should remember that no kind of expression of art, such as these listed above, for instance, is barred from a narrative simply because it conforms to a definite structural architecture, even as any house must do. It is a mistake to feel that a plot must smack of the commonplace or the artificial—merely because some plots do so.

Storytelling is a timeless art, perhaps the oldest in existence. The Egyptians were enjoying it six thousand years ago. John Gallishaw, highly regarded as a writer and teacher of writing, feels that he has made certain discoveries about the principles basic to storytelling throughout all these centuries. He presents these, with case stories, illustrating his points, in a book *The Only Two Ways to Write a Story.* I shall attempt to discuss, in a greatly simplified and abbreviated form, a few of the highlights in his book.

Gallishaw divides the plot story into two types, that of *accomplishment,* and that of *decision.* But, since there is little variation in the basic method of developing the two kinds, we shall remain with the story of *accomplishment.* It is called that because one main character in the story develops one main purpose and sets out to accomplish that purpose.

Architecturally, there are three blocks which support the structure of the narrative. They are: (1) the *beginning;* (2) the *body* (or *middle*); (3) the *ending.*

The *beginning* is divided into two parts: (a) an exposition of the state of affairs or the condition that is responsible for the purpose which the main character sets out to accomplish, and (b) a clear and unmistakable statement of what that purpose of the main character is. As soon as we know that purpose, we have finished the *beginning* and are ready to launch into the *body* of the story.

The *body* presents a struggle or conflict growing out of the main purpose of the main character. It may be one long-drawn-out struggle to bring about the *accomplishment.* Or it may be a series of briefer attempts. The reader's curiosity must

*For a biographical sketch of Mrs. Cannon, see "From Near and Far," page 432.

be whetted (suspense); he must feel as though he himself is the protagonist (identification); he must be consumed with a desire for the protagonist to win (emotion). If the suspense is to be keen, favorable incidents, which make it seem that surely this main character must win, should alternate surprisingly and dramatically with unfavorable incidents, which make it seem impossible for him to win. These favorable incidents Gallishaw terms, quite logically, "furtherances"; the unfavorable ones, "hindrances." And, for high story interest, they should follow very rapidly upon each other's heels. They should thwart each other in an exciting fashion, which produces the drama or clash which readers love in stories.

The *ending* nearly always has two parts: (a) the "conclusive act," which shows whether the protagonist has accomplished his purpose or has abandoned it; (b) the "sequel"—an explanation of some sort, or another incident added for effect—something to bring about a gradual close rather than to drop one breathlessly from the top of the precipice of interest and action.

GALLISHAW, in his illustrative material, makes use of the story, "The Adventure of Ulysses and the Cyclops," Lamb's version of one of the oldest stories known to man, taken from the Odyssey of the ancient Greek poet Homer. Ulysses' problem (or purpose) was to get out of the cave where he and his men were locked by the Cyclops, who was devouring them two at a time. This they eventually accomplished, and took, with all haste, to their waiting boat. That is the "conclusive act"—the end. Then follows the "sequel." The blinded giant rushes after them, guided by sound, and hurls a crag at them in the sea. It barely misses striking the boat and killing them all.

I should like to illustrate Gallishaw's plan of story architecture with the Biblical story of Joseph, which, while it is factual, is yet told with consummate skill.

The first seven verses of Genesis, chapter thirty-seven, tell us the condition out of which the problem grows. Joseph, the favorite son of his father, is hated by his older brothers. He accentuates the situation by telling them this dream—that their sheaves bowed down to his. Angrily, they answer: "Shalt thou indeed reign over us? or shalt thou indeed have dominion over us?" There is the problem growing out of the condition. Could it be more succinctly stated? But, with the Biblical feeling for poetical repetition, we have an even stronger statement of the problem. In another dream, the sun and moon and eleven stars made obeisance to Joseph, and his father said, "Shall I and thy mother and thy brethren indeed come to bow down ourselves to thee to the earth?"

The "conclusive act" occurs when the eleven brothers bring their aged father down to Egypt, and the brothers bow down to the earth before Joseph.

A fairly long "sequel" follows—Jacob's blessing of his sons, his death and burial.

Now, for the "furtherance" and

"hindrance"—the dramatic clashes in the body of the story. We shall mention a few. Joseph's brothers plan to kill him (a decided "hindrance"). Hoping to save Joseph secretly, Reuben persuades his brothers to put Joseph in a pit ("furtherance"). When Reuben is not there, they sell Joseph to the Midianites ("hindrance").

Joseph is sold into slavery in Egypt. This qualifies as what Gallishaw calls a dramatic "hindrance." It is, to all appearances, a "hindrance," yet, actually and surprisingly, it turns out to be a "furtherance." Potiphar's casting him into prison is a dramatic "hindrance" within a dramatic "hindrance," for there Joseph learns much as overseer of the prison to help him later, and he meets the butler and the baker, through whom he comes to Pharaoh's notice and begins his career of greatness.

The plot thickens when Joseph's brothers come to him for grain. "Furtherances" and "hindrances" follow each other in rapid succession, and suspense is high.

The smaller unit, by means of which the story is developed, is the scene. Technically, this is much like the story itself. It denotes a meeting between two or more persons or forces. If the meeting is merely an incident or exposition, or a friendly discussion, it is an episodic scene. If there is a clash, it is a dramatic scene, where, as in the story itself, one character has a purpose, struggles for it and either accomplishes his minor purpose or abandons it. Note the dramatic scene between Joseph and the wife of Potiphar, and between Joseph and his ten brothers, when, unknown to them, he demands that they return and bring their youngest brother back with them.

Gallishaw suggests that writers should *visualize and develop every story as a series of scenes before they can hope for facility in plotting and presenting material.* The more dramatic scenes there are, the better the story.

THEN there is the matter of characterization. Our author believes that in the long run we should realize that characterization is everything in a story. He explains that we must not regard his emphasis on scenes as minimizing the importance of characterization. The purpose of the scene is to render character. By "rendering," he means the writer should let us judge of the character ourselves by seeing him in action, not by being told about him. We are not told anywhere about Joseph's humility before God and his faithfulness, though he has no companions of his own religion. But he tells the astounded butler and baker and Pharaoh that his divining powers come not from himself, but solely from God. And he says to his terrified brothers, who fear he will slay them, "Fear not: for am I in the place of God?"

His generous forgiveness of his brothers is brought out in a dramatic scene.

A character's responses can be shown by (1) what he does; (2) what he says; (3) what he thinks; (4) by the effect of his personality or his actions on others.

And last, we must not forget

emotion in the story. Such an important item! Let us refer to another authority on writing, who says that we should not approach literature from the fact side, but from the heart side.

The story of Joseph appeals to the heart, and we feel great emotional force in many of its scenes. For instance, where Joseph serves his brethren from his table and gives them all a good mess of food. But Benjamin's (that dear baby brother who was not with the brothers the first time they went to Egypt) "mess was five times so much as any of theirs." Here, too, is character being "rendered" by action. And when they are all there before Joseph, he has to turn and go away and weep and wipe his face, so that they will not know his feelings.

The meeting of Joseph with his father Jacob is also one of pathos and emotion. In a perfect short story, such as the story of Joseph, we find all the essentials for a short story with a plot which have been mentioned in this short article.

Let us present a few highlights of technique to review and to conclude this discussion. Unity and economy are essential. Bring in no material irrelevant to the purpose of your story. Keep in mind a stream that runs in a comparatively straight line between two points (beginning and ending)—not a fountain that bubbles up (however beautifully) and spreads itself all over the landscape.

The power to evoke true (not melodramatic) emotion is of the greatest value. Do not forget emphasis: highlight the big climax and each minor crisis, that particular point made in each scene.

Gallishaw particularly stresses the importance of making clear at the end of each scene its effect on the main character. Was he defeated that time? If so, did he give up his purpose, or did he decide to bide his time until a better opportunity opened, or was he more determined than ever to press forward? These conclusions of scenes, by showing the relationship between the structural units and the story as a whole, give the narrative its onward movement and its coherence. They are signposts to point the way, and they make for clear and easy reading comprehension.

And so, good luck to your future stories!

## *Viewpoint*

*Lurene Gates Wilkinson*

I once could write so easily
Of babies' golden strands,
Of two blue and star-kissed eyes
And tight-curled, dimpled hands.
But that was long and long ago
When *all* babies were a treasure—
Now that I have my very own,
I have no words to measure!

# Hall of Fulfillment

*Fay Tarlock*

"YOU look odd, Mother. Is there any bad news in your mail?" Helen Lane's teen-age daughter Joan asked her from across the breakfast table.

"No," Helen said, buttering her toast and not looking at Jane's anxious eyes. "It's nothing—just looking at the drawings of the new Relief Society building."

"The one that's going to cost you five bucks?" young Bill asked, his voice superior.

"I don't see why that should worry you, Mother," Joan persisted. "All you have to do is write a check."

"It isn't worrying me," Helen answered. "And I'm not going to write a check."

"What are you going to do?" Bill, her husband, asked, emerging from the morning's paper with its black headlines.

"Surely, Mother, you wouldn't —!" Joan shrilled, her blue eyes wide in protest.

"No, indeed," Helen replied, smiling at her daughter. "I'm going to earn the money myself."

"Ha!" came from young Bill. "Imagine you earning money."

"You know it isn't necessary," Bill said, returning to the black headlines.

"We'll just call it a whim of mine and let it go at that." Helen brought the coddled eggs in from the kitchen and passed the dish. From the plate-glass panel she could see the smooth side lawn, the perennial border still gay with color, and the neatly clipped privet hedge that separated the yard from the garage driveway.

"Once," she said as she broke her egg into its cup, "I helped build a Relief Society hall. I can't do less than earn the money now."

"Did you really?" young Bill exclaimed, his eyes deep with the innocence of childhood. "What did you do?"

"That's not so easy to tell," Helen said. "It happened a long time ago." So long ago, she thought, that it was in another world. She wondered if any story of hers could bring that world into her sunny dining room with the blonde oak table and the yellow plastic mats.

"Do tell us about it, Mother. Don't just sit there." Joan's voice had a little edge to it.

* * *

HELEN had been very young, younger even than young Bill, when her mother was made president of the Crane Ward Relief Society for the express purpose of building the Relief Society Hall. The need for the Hall was an old refrain. Helen could not remember a time when she had not heard, "When we get our own Hall." It was as familiar a part of Crane as the racy breeze from the sage-covered hills.

In Crane the only Church building proper was the ward chapel. This was made from rough stone and topped by a weathered steeple. The chapel had been erected by the

pioneer fathers in the days when the settlement was still enclosed by a high adobe wall built as a protection against the Indians. In the building there was only a basement room that the Relief Society could call home. It had differed from the other shabby rooms in three respects: the floor was covered with a rag carpet; there were straight-backed chairs instead of benches; and there was an old parlor organ. The pioneer fathers had provided no kitchen, no work room for quilting or sewing, no social hall for the amenities and gaieties of Relief Society life.

Yes, Crane Ward Relief Society needed a home of its own.

Helen could not remember the exact time she became a willing part of this seemly design. It had not happened at first. "I wish you would go across town to ask Sister Dunhill if she will make the ice cream for the teacher's party," her mother had said.

"Can't you telephone the Denbys? They live on the same block."

"We never ask anyone to do for us what we can do ourselves," her mother had reproved her. She had been a grumbling messenger that time.

Her real entry might have come on the occasion Sister Dunhill had asked her to sit down and wait to scrape the ice cream dasher as a reward for hauling the little red wagon full of ice. Whatever the occasion, she was soon the very legs and often the voice of the building committee.

On every possible occasion, from the Friday night dance in the Opera House to a ward wedding reception, the Relief Society advanced with food and quilts for sale. The people of Crane ate frequently at public dinners for more than a year.

Of even greater import than transporting the food from its original source to its cooked finish were the messages Helen carried to the volunteer workmen. Few of them had telephones and the blocks were long. On Thursday the volunteer plasterers would work. Tuesday might be the day the volunteer bricklayers must be organized. "Brother Pridley will work on Friday. Go ask Brother Redford if he can help." "John Cowgill is going after a load of freight. We must make sure that he brings the nails back." "Brother Hall is sick. Go see if Brother Alcock will take his place."

There was no street nor short cut through a vacant lot that Helen could not have followed in the dark. She knew the roads when they were frozen in the morning and mud ankle deep by afternoon. She walked the sidewalks when the brown catalpa and mulberry leaves pulverized beneath her square-toed shoes. And the prints of the same small shoes were made in the summer dust when the air of Crane was fragrant with ripening apples. Mornings and evenings she sniffed the cedar perfume of the blue smoke.

The place she liked best of all to visit was the Pridley's. Brother Pridley was, among other things, a stone mason who had learned his trade in England. He had built his brick home, with its fan-shaped designs above the doors and windows and his curious chimney pots, with his own hands. His flower and

vegetable gardens were straight out of an English picture. The red brick house was set deep among the trees and shrubs. Surrounding everything was a hedge clipped in exotic designs. There were walks bordered with phlox and sweet Williams. Along a cobbled walk that led to the grape arbor was a border of sweet-smelling English lavender. On Decoration Day people came from all over town to buy or beg the lacy snowballs and the big purple flags. Sometimes Sister Pridley would clip some spicy blooms and say in her sweet English voice, "A posie for you to carry, dearie."

There was another place of enchantment she discovered. It was the Christhansen place. Brother Christhansen had built his white cottage, with the red trim and the matching summer house, while his memories of Denmark were still bright. For generations Crane inhabitants would entertain themselves over his mishaps with the English language. To Helen he was the kind owner of a red weather vane and a carved clock.

CRANE was not without other touches of Old World culture. There was the variety shop kept by a convert from Holland. Helen would stop to press her nose against the glass to see the porcelain figurines. When she grew older she learned to prize the chinaware her mother had bought there as "genuine Dresden."

There were the homes of the Scotch saints, the block where the Welsh people had settled. They worked and worshiped with the English converts and the men and women from Denmark and Norway. Scattered among them as a leavening force, were descendants of New England. In Crane there were no racial discriminations, no national distinctions in thought or deed.

Once, in the early twilight, Helen was returning from a Relief Society errand to a far part of town. As she passed the unplastered house of Humphrey Hawkins, Ella, his childless wife, with the tall, ungainly body and the shuffling, heavy feet, came out. Helen tried to slip past, her eyes half-closed, pretending she could not see the house. She considered Ella Hawkins a dreary soul and, like the other children of the town, did not speak to her unless it was necessary.

"Wait a minute, will you, dearie?" Ella Hawkins called in her flat voice. A note of urgency in it made Helen stop. "I want you to come in a minute."

Helen stopped, careful to keep the gate between her and Ella.

"I've got some peppermints for you," the woman coaxed.

Helen did not like peppermints. She tried to pass. " 'Umphrey hasn't come 'ome yet," the woman said, laying a cold hand on Helen's bare arm.

"He'll be home soon, I'm sure. It's almost dark." She tried to withdraw and close the gate.

"Ah, do come in, dearie," Ella insisted, pulling her inside the gate.

Reluctantly Helen followed the woman up the dusty path. It was almost dark inside the hot little parlor; so dark she could barely see the outlines of the enlarged pictures of the Hawkins relatives.

"Now that you're here, dearie, and while I'm getting the peppermints, would you put on the helectricity for me, it won't take but a moment?" Ella Hawkins asked, her flat voice shy.

In the fast-thickening darkness Helen groped for the bare globe dangling on the green cord from the center of the ceiling. She found it and turned the button.

Ella Hawkins beamed like a pleased child. "You know," she confided as one equal to another, "'Umphrey always puts on the light for me. I says to 'im the first time helectricity was put in the house, 'Umphrey,' I says, 'I'll never turn that light when you're not 'ere. I'll sit in the dark till you come 'ome.'" Shyly she handed Helen the candy, a whole bag of mints.

After that Helen always spoke warmly to Ella Hawkins. Ella, she knew now, was a grown-up child, afraid of the dark.

Another day she was pulling her red wagon past the cobbler's shop when old Tom Chilton came out. To avoid meeting the old man with the tired eyes and the toothless mouth, she would have gone around the block. Now it was too late, she must face him. On her walks past the shop she had often wondered what it was in his long-ago youth that had made him join the Church and come to Utah. He paid no attention to Church things now and was never called Brother, just old Tom Chilton.

SHE tried to slide her wagon by quickly, but he stood in front of her, his big hands under his leather apron, his toothless mouth smiling at her.

"What's the Relief Society cooking today?" he asked in his gruff way.

Helen did an incredulous thing. She lifted the white cloth that covered the basket in the red wagon. "It's doughnuts for the Seventies' party," she told him gravely. "Smell them." She dipped her hand swiftly into the basket and brought out a golden brown doughnut, still warm from the frying pan. Old Tom took it, his sunken mouth open in astonishment.

"I won't ever be frightened of him again," she told herself. Even old Tom knew she was helping to build the Hall. It was a pleasant thought that helped her when her arms grew tired of tugging the red wagon.

At a later time she and Addie Brown were pulling the red wagon, loaded high with flour, sugar, and home-rendered lard. The load was to be distributed to women who were making the pies for a special food sale. When they came to a landmark known as Old Bridge, they stopped to rest and to throw pebbles into the stream beneath. Helen felt relaxed and happy. "You know," she said to Addie, "a lot of people in this town think they are building the Relief Society Hall, but do you know who is really building it?"

"No," replied Addie, leaning over the bridge to watch a piece of driftwood hit by her pebble, "who is?"

"You and me," Helen said. Her first thought had been to say only me, but decided it would be polite to include Addie.

"I don't see why," Addie retorted.

"It's this way." Helen was anxious for Addie to understand. "We do the things that make it possible for others to work. We carry the things for the food sales and that gets the money. Then we tell the men when to come to work and when to bring the materials. If we didn't do it, nothing would get done."

"I'll just bet it would get done." Addie was snappy. "I don't see that we're doing so much. You just think you're so important." She picked up the wagon tongue and ran off the bridge, leaving Helen to follow.

Helen felt crumpled inside. She caught up with Addie and took half the wagon handle. She did not mention the subject again. To herself she said stubbornly that her work was important.

Only one thing spoiled her pleasure in the building, now so close to its finish. The Hall was not beautiful as she had thought it would be. The plain, rectangular edifice, with the sloping roof and the narrow windows, was so like the other public buildings. Helen didn't know what the Hall lacked: spires to catch the early sun, colored windows to dim the afternoon light, or white pillars and green, sloping lawns—something was wrong. Inside there was the main room, smelling of newness, the smaller work rooms, and the big kitchen with space for two new ranges, but they, too, seemed plain and somehow ugly. Maybe when everything was completed and the paint on, it would look better.

IT was late autumn before the last nail was in, the last coat of white paint on the doors and sills and eaves. Then the stoves were installed, the chairs freshly varnished, moved from the basement room, and a bright new rag rug laid in the larger sewing room. "And every jack last cent is paid," the women said in pride.

A celebration was planned. All the men who had given freely of their labor to lay the foundations, erect the walls and roof, and make the inside ready, were coming. All the women who had spent long hours over hot wood stoves, who had bent over machines and frames, and who had sold the food and washed the dishes, were coming. Not one thing was to be sold. There was to be a dinner, baked hot in the new ranges. Home cured hams, chicken, roast beef, light rolls, succulent pies, and frosted cakes would be piled high on the damask-covered tables. There was to be a program with speeches and readings and music. And the dedicatory prayer.

Helen took it for granted that she was to go to the party. It was for the workers, wasn't it? In school, on the day of the celebration she thought of nothing else. At home she skipped through her chores and ran upstairs to start the delicious process of getting ready.

As Helen dressed, she held within her a small but bright hope that in one of the speeches of gratitude her name would be mentioned. She held the thought while she scrubbed her face and neck and ears. Care-

(*Continued on page 429*)

# Sixty Years Ago

Excerpts from the *Woman's Exponent*, June 1, and June 15, 1890

"For the Rights of the Women of Zion and the Rights of the Women of All Nations"

OUR MOUNTAIN HOME: In contemplating the blessings of our Heavenly Father and the beauties of nature our admiration is particularly drawn out in viewing the magnificence of our lofty mountains, thereby expanding the mind with a sense of their vastness and grandeur; "standing as they do on the East and on the West of us like sentinels guarding the towers of Zion," or over enchanted ground, filling our minds with a sense of safety from all impending disasters such as floods, tornadoes, etc. which are so prevalent in the world in this dispensation.—Annie N. Bowring

## QUIET WAYS ARE BEST

What's the use of worrying,
Of hurrying,
And scurrying,
Everybody flurrying,
And breaking up their rest,
When everyone is teaching us,
Preaching and beseeching us,
To settle down and end the fuss,
For quiet ways are best.

—*New York Evangelist*

TIME: "Lost, yesterday, somewhere between sunrise and sunset, two golden hours each set with sixty diamond minutes. No reward is offered for they are gone forever."—Horace Mann. Time is the measurement of duration. We should not let time pass without learning something that will result in good in our after life. We should cultivate some good principles and overcome bad habtis. Time is the only little fragment of Eternity that belongs to man; and like life it can never be recalled.

—Annie Thompson

## ALL WILL BE WELL

All will be well. Why should we ever doubt it?
There were no blunders in creation's plan.
When God's vast mind conceived and went about it,
He was not aided or controlled by man.
The stars that move in such immortal beauty
Through their appointed pathway seem to tell
Our questioning souls, if we but do our duty,
"All will be well."

—Ella Wheelet Wilcox

SNOWFLAKE STAKE: The Relief Society Conference of the Snowflake Stake was held at Snowflake, May 31st, 1890. After singing and prayer Pres. Emma S. Smith welcomed all to conference and expressed pleasure in meeting once more with the sisters. Sister Jemima W. Smith was pleased to have the privilege of meeting in conference. Sister Phebe Kartchner said: "No matter how much wealth or education we may have we will not be happy, or able to do much good unless we have a good honest heart."

—Della Fish, Sec.

# Woman's Sphere

*Ramona W. Cannon*

ALICE DINWOODEY MOYLE, widow of the late James H. Moyle, former assistant secretary of the United States Treasury and United States commissioner of customs, died in Salt Lake City April fourth at the age of 84. She is survived by four sons and two daughters, including Elder Henry D. Moyle of the Council of the Twelve. Sister Moyle lived in Washington for some years and later in New York, where her husband presided over the Eastern States Mission. She served for many years on the Ensign Stake Relief Society board and was also the Eastern States Mission Relief Society President. She felt that these experiences greatly enriched her life.

ALICE STONE BLACKWELL died March 16, at the age of 93. She was the daughter of Lucy Stone, who believed that married women should retain their own surnames. Lucy Stone set the example. She and her husband, Mr. Blackwell, and their daughter Alice, who remained unmarried, worked ardently for suffrage and more just conditions for women. Alice felt hurt these later years that women fail to use their potential power for great purposes. Many even fail to vote. She thought they showed little appreciation for women like her mother, who worked seventy years for the privilege of suffrage for women. Alice felt that the proposed Equal Rights Amendment to the Constitution, if passed in its present form, would rob women in many states of hard-won favorable legislation.

TO two women death recently brought an early reunion with their husbands. Annie Dexter Noble died eight days after the demise of her husband, Abraham Noble. Eminent for her faith, grace, and dignity, Mrs. Noble, with her husband, had fulfilled two missions to her native England. Rose Flashman Noall preceded her husband, Matthew Noall, in death by exactly one month. Mrs. Noall, a musician, who became mother to three children at her marriage, was noted for the unusual harmony and love that existed in her home, with its nine children.

CALLEEN ROBINSON (McKAY), Utah Centennial Queen, and her two attendants, Marie Burnett (Housley) and Mary Louise Gardner (Gessell) recently met in Salt Lake City, to introduce their year-old children: Bill McKay III, Jay Housley, and Linda Gessell. Mrs. McKay and Mrs. Gessell are residents of Salt Lake City, and Mrs. Housley makes her home in Oklahoma City.

# EDITORIAL

VOL. 37 JUNE 1950 NO. 6

## *Brigham Young—Loyal and True*

JUNE 1, 1801 is the birthdate of Brigham Young, second President of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. This year on June 1 ceremonies will be held in the Capitol at Washington, D. C., commemorating the placing of Brigham Young's statue, executed by his grandson Mahonri M. Young, in Statuary Hall as the representative of the State of Utah in the Hall of Fame.

Today, 149 years after his birth, Brigham Young is generally acknowledged as one of the greatest, if not the greatest, colonizer in America. To members of the Church, however, this attribute is only one of his many noble endowments which fitted him to be a prophet of the Lord, the one chosen to lead the saints away from the persecutions of the East to a haven in the West in fulfillment of the Prophet Joseph's prophecy that the saints would become "a mighty people in the midst of the Rocky Mountains."

From the vantage point of years a man is remembered for his greatness or forgotten in oblivion. In such an appraisal often the great man is considered to be above the common run of men, to be made of a different clay. So to judge greatness is to rob it of its worth, to fail to appreciate the subduing of that baseness found in each person, to omit to acknowledge mastery gained over self.

Other close associates of the Prophet Joseph Smith were accorded higher honors during the lifetime of the Prophet than Brigham Young, mighty as was his calling. Many of those men, nevertheless, fell from the grace of God through self-esteem. Brigham Young, however, always promoted and cultivated within himself that great attribute of loyalty—loyalty to the Prophet of God. He recognized it as a quality essential in the progress for eternal life, an attribute that suffocates by its own weight those mean and ignoble vices, envy, malice, and selfishness.

Brigham Young's life is a monument to loyalty. In recording his first meeting with the Prophet Joseph Smith in Kirtland, he wrote:

> Here my joy was full at the privilege of shaking the hand of the Prophet of God, and receiving the sure testimony, by the Spirit of prophesy, that he was all that any man could believe him to be as a true prophet (D.H.C. I, page 297).

This allegiance continued in the soul of Brigham Young all his days. During the working of the mob spirit in Kirtland, he was forced to flee for his life because, as the Prophet wrote, "he would proclaim publicly and privately that he knew by the power of the Holy Ghost that I was a Prophet of the Most

High God, that I had not transgressed and fallen as the apostates declared" (D.H.C. II, page 529).

It would seem fitting that the Lord manifested to the saints the proper authority on whom the keys and powers had been conferred by having Brigham Young, as he addressed the saints following the martyrdom, take on the voice and looks of his dearly beloved Prophet.

For thirty-three years afterward, Brigham Young led the saints and exercised great power and authority over them. But throughout those years never did he by word or deed, and one could justifiably add, by thought, manifest any but full and complete loyalty to the Prophet. He firmly believed:

> Joseph Smith, the Prophet and Seer of the Lord, has done more, save Jesus only, for the salvation of men in this world, than any other man that ever lived in it (D. & C. 135:3).

One can hardly write of Brigham Young without also writing of the Prophet. One builded on the foundation the other laid in righteousness. There was no rivalry, no taint of jealousy between them. They fully lived the admonition of the Savior: "That they all may be one; as thou, Father, art in me, and I in thee, that they also may be one in us" (John 17:21).

And, as Brigham Young lay on his deathbed, it would seem his thoughts already turned to eternity and that he saw his beloved Prophet as, gazing upward, he spoke his last words, "Joseph! Joseph! Joseph!"

The soul of a man expands through loving service to his fellow men. So, through his perfect loyalty to the Prophet Joseph, the greatness of Brigham Young glows with deeper significance, as seen in the true light of the perspective of years. —M. C. S.

## *Friend of Nature*

*Clarence Edwin Flynn*

Who companies with mountains
And contemplates the stars,
Who seeks out rainbow fountains
And stands where day unbars,
Who follows woodland pathways,
In meadows walks apart,
His spirit has discovered
The universal heart.

He feels the silent rhythm
Of wisdom and of truth;
His heart has found the secret
Of time-defying youth.
He has a poise and calmness
That no confusion mars,
Who companies with mountains
And contemplates the stars.

# Postlude to Spring

*Christie Lund Coles*

VERLA stood by the window facing the unutterably blue sky, the poplar tree, delicate as a young girl in an eyelet embroidery dress. It seemed but yesterday it had been bleak and barren. Now, it was in leaf, the green a color for which, as yet, there had never quite been a name. Chartreuse? Almost, though it was lighter, more irridescent than that. Emerald? That was summer. This pale, traced greenery was a thing unto itself.

The few feathery clouds back of the shimmering tree were like wisps of white smoke or scraps from an angel's gown, fallen into the blue basket of heaven. Spring. . . .

She could hear her daughter and her friend whispering to one another in the adjoining room, whispering with wonder about the night before. They had gone to an outdoor theater, then driving for a hamburger with the two boys from down the street. She knew it had been fun, she would have liked to have shared the details of it with them. Yet, sweet as they were, they stopped talking whenever she came into the room. They looked at her as though she couldn't possibly understand.

It seemed only this morning that she had been sixteen and her sister had said to a neighbor boy, "Watch out, Verla falls in love every spring."

Her answer had been self-confident, dramatic as only the young can be dramatic, as she told them, "I know, and I shall forever . . . and ever." And she spread her arms as though to gather the whole, blossoming wonder of the world into her being, to hold it forever.

Yet, somehow, this year spring had come almost as a surprise. The winter had been long; she was tired. Still, for all her forgetting, it was here in primordial splendor, and she was achingly aware again, thrilling, remembering. . . .

Like bubbles rising in a whirlpool, memories rose to her consciousness. It was the spring she was sixteen. She was going with Phillip, who was tall, with dark hair and very blue, blue eyes. They were standing on the porch of her parents' home. The moon, full and bright as metal hot to the breaking point, gleamed through the new-leafed trees.

Their words were soft, strange even to themselves, though as old as life itself. He whispered, "I'll always love you . . . always, always."

She answered, "Oh, I know. I know. I love you, too."

They kissed, shyly, seekingly. The next day she played the most popular current love song over and over on an old-fashioned phonograph.

* * * *

SHE watched the clouds move, falling into new shapes, new patterns; she saw a sea gull swoop to the earth, pick at a morsel, cry and rise—blue-gray and white—against the sky. Then she heard the radio playing. She had been unaware of it until the particular song struck at her sensibilities. Wayne King was playing, "Memory Lane." It seemed ironic until she

remembered that it was merely an introduction to a program of old songs which came every day at this time. Now, it made her a little sad, with the sadness of lost and lovely things. She whispered, suddenly, "I cannot bear to grow old, to be no part of spring."

From the other room the laughter of the two girls rose higher, gay and irrepressible. It was like water gurgling over smooth, brown rocks. Turning to the door, she called in an unnatural voice, "What are you two talking about? It must be very pleasant." As if she didn't know.

"It is," Mimi answered, "But you wouldn't understand."

If they only knew how much she could understand, how she could laugh with them, tell them some of the precious, silly things she had done at their age. She wanted to cry out to them, "I'm not so old. Why don't you look at me sometimes, truly I mean? Why don't you see me as I really am . . . *in* here. As I was when I was young . . . younger than springtime."

That would be funny to them. Once, she had said to Mimi, "I wish I were your age," and her daughter had answered, "I'm glad I'm not your age." Just like that.

Now, she could hear Jean saying, "It's time he was calling. Oh, if he doesn't call . . . I'll just *die*."

There was genuine heartache, fear, in the voice. She remembered the times when the date she had been expecting hadn't come through; she recalled the unmitigated pain, the bewilderment, frustration that had gnawed at her until she was sure she would never be happy again.

She smiled to herself, a little sadly, leaned against the window frame, aware of her slightly spreading hips. The clouds were clustering more closely together, darkness was moving slowly from the earth to the sky. A sudden wind shook the frail, underdressed tree. Swiftly, she put her hands over her eyes against unexpected tears. She didn't know how long she had stood like that when she heard Mimi's voice behind her, in the same room. She was saying, "What's the matter, Mother, are you ill? I've called you three times."

She turned slowly and saw the love and concern in the girl's fair face. She said, "I'm quite all right."

Jean, whose face was still listening for the 'phone, still waiting, said, "Maybe she's in love, too. It's such misery."

"Maybe," Verla admitted, her laughter tinkling the air as she fitted each into an arm and started toward the kitchen to prepare food for their never-ending hunger. And for the hunger of Phillip, who had just turned into the driveway. The sight of him had quite unexpectedly set her blood to tingling, because he was once more the incarnation of all her springtimes.

Her tears? They had been so brief, so irridescent, like the few brief drops of rain falling now upon the window, yet which, within an hour, would be prisms for a rainbow.

She was so glad for her years, for her age, for the long, secure postlude to spring's wild, erratic tune.

# A Converts' Granddaughter Returns

## Part II

*Helen and Cyril Pearson*

Photographs by the Authors

"SWITZERLAND reminds one of the United States before the first World War," one of the missionaries tells you, and you agree.

Number 54 Weinbergstrasse is our Church address in Zurich, an elder informs us. We reach the Church hall in ten minutes from the Neues Schloss Hotel on Stockenstrasse. It's Mutual Improvement night and, to use a scriptural text, "It's good to be here!" The warm, intimate, almost family-like services are in the German language. Everyone is speaking it in the Zurcher dialect which marks the Zurich temperament as the liquid French language characterizes the Parisian, but the same gospel is taught at both Weinbergstrasse and St. Germain. A good many Swiss saints have recently emigrated to America and more wish to go.

Zurich, of course, was a stronghold of the Reformation. The city contains numerous houses, hotels, and inns, labeled with the names of famous old-time Reformation occupants.

Business requires you to double back to Paris and then go by automobile to Basle, Switzerland, by way of Alsace-Lorraine. Years ago you thought the Canadian Province of Quebec was the quaintest place you had ever visited, but Alsace, with its thatched cottages, its matched teams of oxen, its peasant costumes, and its honest-to-goodness earthiness, takes a visitor back two centuries.

"This isn't the type of country where you're likely to find Latter-day Saints," Cy remarks, as though reading your mind while you're mentally making comparisons between Alsace and Quebec in Canada. "I'm afraid our missionaries wouldn't be able to do much here."

How erroneous it is thus to generalize only comes to light next day when you reach Basle.

"At Strasbourg (in Alsace-Lorraine) we have one of the finest groups of saints in the whole Church," the missionaries in Basle tell you, "and our missionaries laboring in Alsace are having wonderful experiences. You know, Alsace has changed hands between the Germans and the French a good many times. After World War I, the Alsatians changed from the German language to French. So the older generation of Alsatians, including the older saints, are grounded in German, while the younger ones and our missionaries use French."

At Basle you look upon the River Rhine for the first time in your life. You reflect on the great part men and women from lands bordering on this mighty river have played in the building up of the Church. Karl G. Maeser, who became President of Brigham Young University, was such a man. And you think how many missionaries from Zion have come to preach the gospel to these Germanic nations.

Yesterday you traveled over the

bloodiest battlegrounds of Western Europe, but you saw them only as fields dressed in flowers and grass, and the River Marne brimming with fresh water.

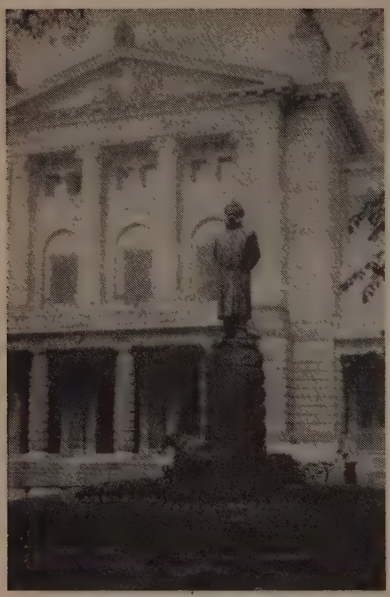
* * * * *

YOU take the Nord Express by rail, leaving Paris of an afternoon and reach Copenhagen in the evening the day following. It takes you through Germany. The train authorities had said they would seal the cars at the Hamburg station, so no passengers could go out, but suddenly they relent and permit us to look around Hamburg and see the saddening effects of Allied bombing.

Copenhagen is a poem to a Latter-day Saint who has lived in Box Elder or Sanpete counties. Imagine going along hundreds of streets in a city a half dozen times the size of Salt Lake and seeing sign multiplied on sign: Georg Jensen, Silverware; Ole Hansen, Groceries; Fonnesbeck's Store; Peter Larsen, Barber; Hans Anderson, Lawyer; Christian Sorensen, Doctor; and thousands of similar Scandinavian cognomens, with nowhere such names as Smith, O'Brien, MacIntosh, Griffith, or Levy. It's the Utah's Elsinore multiplied a thousand times and more. Incidentally, you get to visit the original Elsinore, home of Hamlet, Prince of Denmark. It is just outside Copenhagen.

Copenhagen, with its more than a million people, is the largest city of all Scandinavia. You can go to Tivoli Gardens and see the Danes at their amusements, every person of them looking like their kinfolk back in Sandy or Draper, Utah. But here you see the Danish people on a Grand Canyon scale. These are

COPENHAGEN, DENMARK, LOVED BY ALL DANISH LATTER-DAY SAINTS



IBSEN'S STATUE,
Near the National Theater, Oslo, Norway

the very children only a couple of generations removed of those forefathers whose Utah descendants are the Lunds, the Hansens, the Rasmussens, the Petersens, and other Danes in Zion. The present Denmark-Utah situation is almost analogous to England and Massachusetts of two centuries ago. It is a delight to go to the Latter-day Saint services at Priorvej 12, on Sunday. The well-kept little chapel is filled to overflowing. What a beautiful sight! It seems like a throwback to the days of Wilford Woodruff in England. The thought goes through your mind, when new blood was helpful in the early days of the Church, what a transfusion these Scandinavians gave us!

We decide to take the boat to Malmo, Sweden, and then go to Stockholm by train. If one has the time, he can go all the way by boat. Stockholm has the distinction of being known as a city of beautiful women. It is also called the Venice of the North.

Swedish mission headquarters are in a solid building of the old part of Stockholm on Svartensgatan. In getting to the mission home you are astonished at how many Swedes, young and old, speak a good grade of English. They do not regard this as any particular accomplishment.

"There are so many Americans and English in the world and only a few Swedes. We have to learn your language," they graciously explain.

Sunday morning at the mission happens to be Swedish Flag Day, and in a couple of weeks the King will be ninety years old. All Stockholm is decorated. A magnificent Swedish banner is unfurled from the flagstaff in front of the Latter-day Saint Church. There's a royal sunlight this day and a soft breeze to ripple the blue field and the golden cross of the Swedish standard. The theme of the Sunday School program is patriotism as expounded in our Twelfth Article of Faith. The pageantry put on by these Swedish Latter-day Saint children in the heart of their northern homeland reminds one of the Centennial celbrations in Zion in July '47.

OSLO, Stockholm, and Copenhagen are at the vertices of a triangle which is approximately equilateral. You take the overnight train from Stockholm to Oslo to be in Norway for two days. This

LATTER-DAY SAINT ELDERS
Standing in Front of Zwingli's Statue, Zurich, Switzerland

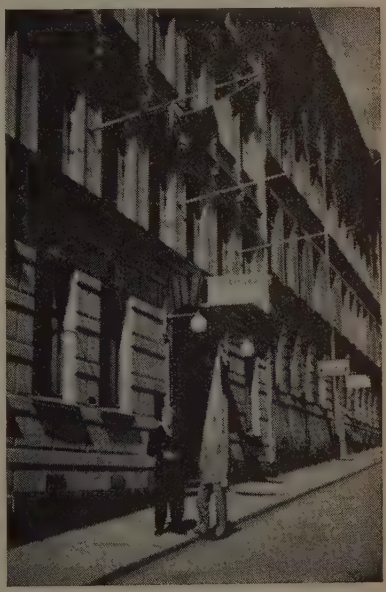
fatherland of Grieg and Ibsen is also the homeland of the type of saint who has helped make up the lifeblood of our Church, the kind of person whom men or events cannot shake. As you ride on a motor boat out on the Oslo Fjord, you think of the story of Anna Gaarn Widtsoe, the fisher maiden, and her life as told by her son, Elder John A. Widtsoe.

Elder Widtsoe put it this way:

> This is the story of a woman, a seeker after truth, who, tossed by the waves of mysterious fate, was caught by the gospel net, and carried into a far country, where, through the possession of eternal truth, though amidst much adversity, she and her family found unbounded happiness.

May the life of Anna Gaarn Widtsoe, the erstwhile fisher maid, be a light to the feet of those who think they are weary in well-doing.

Being the end of June, it is still broad daylight in Oslo at ten P.M. when you catch the overnight train for Malmo, Sweden. Then you take the ferry boat from Malmo to Copenhagen just across the bay and go by air over Germany back to Paris. At Orly Airport, outside Paris, the sun is hot and red from smoke as we take off homeward for our land of America, choice above all other lands. A mantle of calm settles over you as you leave behind a troubled world of men and turmoil and enter into a sort of heavenly tranquility. This plane covers the flight from Bombay, India, to New York City. The divers passengers inside the cabin of the plane make the day seem like one



ELDERS AT SWEDISH MISSION HEADQUARTERS, STOCKHOLM

of ancient Pentecost. Aboard are turbanned Moslems, high caste Brahmins from India, a white-bearded Greek Catholic priest, an ancient Italian woman, a sprinkling of North Europeans, and a score of Americans.

The captain of the plane is a fine young American who was reared on a Midwestern farm. Between trips back and forth from the Western to the Eastern Hemisphere, he is running a farm in Virginia.

The navigator lays a wonderful map before you.

"Easy to keep on the track if you'll follow the way that's been planned for you," the captain says modestly, pointing to our course. "Here's our bearing to Shannon Airport, south of Dublin. We're just coming over the Channel Isles. There's Guernsey. I've got some of their cows."

THE thought comes to you that in the early days of the Church, a sailing ship took a month or more, a modern ship takes a week, and a plane takes a day to cross the Atlantic.

"Coming into Shannon," the captain announces, as he takes over personal control of the plane from the instruments, "our next leg of the flight will be over the open sea from Ireland to Gander, Newfoundland, though there's just a chance we may have to land at Goose Bay if there's a fog. Then we'll hop straight to La Guardia Field in New York, provided we get away from Newfoundland before the fog closes in on us."

Later the captain confides to you that we ought to be in Gander about four A.M. He said we would cut short our stay so as not to risk the fog closing in and holding the plane at Gander. Within the hour, you are riding the plane like a huge bird down to the New World.

Within the twenty-four hours since leaving Paris, the steward takes his place in the fore part of the plane. Facing the passengers, he says, "May I have your attention? We are coming in over New York City and will land at La Guardia field. Fasten your safety belts."

Quickly the plane begins to lose altitude. Large buildings appear to be whirling by. In a matter of minutes you'll be back down in the country of your birth, a country builded from wilderness to magnificence. You think of the words of the prophet Ether and they give you pause:

> For behold, this is a land which is choice above all other lands; wherefore he that doth possess it shall serve God or shall be swept off; for it is the everlasting decree of God . . . (Ether 2:10).

The plane lands in that same New York where your forefathers landed nearly a century ago.

Now you're home from Europe there's a scene that comes to your mind's eye many times. It's simply this: The setting's near Oxford. You envision a talk you had with a serving woman there. She was toil-worn and ill-paid. You felt a bit ill-mannered when she looked up suddenly and caught you staring at her. If she had known what you were thinking she might have excused your stare because you were thinking:

But for the grace of the gospel *there go I!*

# Immunize Against Accidents

*Evelyn Kidneigh*

Director, Division of Public Health Nursing, State of Utah

A basic change is required in society's traditional attitude toward accidents and their victims. In the past, too many of us have accepted accidents as inevitable, though unfortunate.

Not too many years ago, this was the attitude in relation to communicable diseases. Today, we read with horror the accounts of the Black Plague in England when it was impossible for those who were burying the dead to keep ahead of the death angel. In our own State, we can visit cemeteries whose gravestones tell the sad story of hundreds of children who lost their lives during epidemics of diphtheria.

Diseases such as yellow fever, small pox, diphtheria, whooping cough, and typhoid fever, which caused losses of large segments of the population, have now been conquered. Credit for the conquering of these diseases is two-fold. First, we acknowledge the contribution of medical science in ferreting out causes and finding methods of prevention. Second, we pay tribute to a populace that informed themselves and took advantage of the methods of prevention which science offered.

Since accidents are the chief cause of death of children older than one year and among the leading causes of adult deaths, it is obvious that we must recognize this as a problem of great importance, bending every effort toward its correction.

Research is now being directed toward decreasing accidents in the home and factory, on the streets, and in the air and water, as well as studying people's proneness to accident.

We must take the findings of the researchers, welcome them, and weave them into our pattern of living. Accepting them for ourselves is not enough. We must teach them to our children, to our neighbors, and to our community, if we wish to "immunize" our population against accidents.

This procedure will pay off in the richest commodity we possess, the conservation of our human resources. Millions in dollars and much effort are spent annually for the conservation of our natural resources. Can we be satisfied with a less effective program for the preservation of that most priceless possession, human life?

## *There Is No Sign*

*C. Cameron Johns*

Where strands of the river
Run thin at the starting,
There is no sign
That beyond the dark hill
And past the bright valley,
The full deep channel
Moves to its destiny.

# Garden Meditation

*Ezra J. Poulsen*

Josef Muench

FORMAL GARDEN VISTA, SANTA BARBARA, CALIFORNIA

YOU wouldn't want to be by yourself all the time, but there are moments when solitude seems to be the choicest of blessings. Usually, there's no better place in which to be alone than in the garden. In America, however, we have been slow to recognize this, being usually so busy with our handiwork that we think of the garden merely as a display.

Our Oriental and European neighbors, as well as South Americans, have enjoyed garden solitudes to an extent far greater than we. The siesta, the period of reflection, hasn't fit into our strenuous way of living. Still, the need for regular periods of relaxation is becoming more clear. After an hour hidden away in the deep recesses of our own backyard world of nature, we may emerge strengthened in body and spirit, capable of many hours of strenuous activity.

Accordingly, in planning a garden, large or small, one should give attention to the arrangement of flowers, shrubs, and trees around at least a few shady nooks from which the eyes rest on some pleasant bit of landscape. There may be broad vistas or merely a close cluster of cooling vines. This might suggest a secluded summerhouse, or just a stone seat, or a wicker chair placed by a walk or an inviting pool. In any case, the idea is to get seclusion

and quiet with as much garden detail as possible.

Most of the flowering shrubs and trees might be featured near a garden nook, the flowering peach, cherry, and quince, to mention a few. Then, one should not overlook the delectable, ever-available lilac, and the riotous tamarisk. Besides these, there are many wild native plants found in different regions, such as sumacs, the dogwoods, laurels, and others, including the evergreens. And where fences or natural boundaries make part of the setting, climbers, ranging from the humble Virginia creeper to the most aristocratic varieties of climbing roses, are a great help.

The progressing seasons make a cinema of changing beauty around the well-appointed nook in the garden. From early spring to late autumn, the pageant of blossom and leaf will offer new delights.

Tulips, rearing their gay blossoms almost as soon as the snow disappears, should be visible from some choice bit of garden solitude. Thus, the first warm days are enriched with color. The hours spent in a well-arranged retreat, where the eyes may be lifted from the printed page to the vista of the tulip bed, will be hours of enjoyment. The same truth holds with the irises, when they come along, and the bridal wreath, the snowballs, the lilacs, and, eventually, the roses.

OF course, this planning runs on through the summer into the autumn. There will be days when the hollyhocks will be the center of

Josef Muench

SPANISH POOL, LAMBERT GARDENS, PORTLAND, OREGON

attraction, and others when the border of petunias near some sequestered path will take the fancy. Finally, there will be the asters, the chrysanthemums, and the zinnias. Then, when blossomtime passes and the garden yields to the enchantment of falling leaves, and coolness prohibits sitting, it is still delightful to pause at intervals to absorb the glory of the passing year.

Josef Muench

PORTAL TO A GARDEN, PALM SPRINGS, CALIFORNIA

Josef Muench

GARDEN AT HOPE RANCH PARK, CALIFORNIA
Santa Inez Mountains in the Background

Whether the garden be small or large, there are several spots around which one may work to get the best effects for solitude.

The remote corner, featuring a fence, a bank, or a transition to open country is always inviting. This is especially true if it chances to offer a view of distant mountains or water. Such a spot may be just right for the summerhouse if there is to be one. If, not, any kind of seat, even a friendly boulder, shaded by some type of wild growth, can call one on many occasions to rest and reflect.

The garden path itself should be a place of seclusion, or should lead to such a destination. Whether it exists in close quarters or wide spaces, it is a challenge to travel into realms of thought, as well as physical distance. If it passes a pool or stream, or dips down some bank into a ravine, it is especially a center of attraction. Along its borders lies much of the interest that intrigues the mind away from care.

But the most important thing is not the mere existence of shade and vistas, seclusion, and blooming wonder; it is rather the fine blending of the gardener's spiritual nature with the infinite variety of the garden. Out of this, grow courage and faith.

# The Vow of Oberammergau

*Mirla Greenwood Thayne*

THE road to Oberammergau was carefully guarded. Through the little village the warning had sped quickly. No one was to leave; under no circumstances should anyone be allowed to enter.

The Black Plague of 1630 was ravishing all the neighboring communities. In Munich hundreds were dying. In Eschenlohe only two couples survived to tell the story.

Oberammergau is the upper of two villages situated in the district adjacent to the River Ammer. Hidden like a malachite gem high in the Tyrolese Alps, the little village rested independent of the world outside of the pine-laden palisades that enclosed it on three sides.

Night had spread her sequined mantle over the sleeping village. The last weary laborer had gone to rest. All slept except the strong young men appointed to guard the gate.

Somehow, somewhere in the shadows a figure passed unobserved by the guards that night. Somewhere the leaves crunched beneath the staggering feet of Casper Schyler as he struggled through the brambles that bordered the road to the village. Unnoticed, he entered Oberammergau and dragged himself to his homely cottage and to Frau Schyler.

It is not known what induced Casper to leave his work at Eschenlohe and disregard the quarantine laws of his home village. Perhaps concern over the well-being of his loved ones in Oberammergau was the motive. Or, possibly, he sensed an impending disaster and yearned to see his wife and child for the last time. Be that as it may, the Black Death followed at his heels and in a few hours he lay low with the disease.

For three days Frau Schyler fought frantically to restore her husband. She brewed herbs, comforted, and prayed, but death claimed Casper, and in passing it pointed an ironic finger at the exhausted Frau Schyler.

News of the Schyler's predicament spread through the village. The plague traveled almost as fast. In three weeks eighty-four of the populace of Oberammergau had succumbed to the disease. Panic, pain, and mourning spread a pall over the little village. All curative measures failed. If relief did not come very soon, there would be no one left to bury the dead.

From the little church with its mosque-like dome came a strange, sad pealing of bells, calling the distraught villagers to the churchyard.

"Let us cry to God," the kindly old priest said, and the villagers knelt in humble prayer, some of them within the churchyard, others without, fearing to rub elbows with the crowd lest the plague be among them.

The silver-haired priest bowed his head. "Take away the plague, O God. Look down with compassion upon us. Our loved ones die. We are helpless. If thou wilt stay the plague, we vow from this day on to serve thee."

"Amen," echoed the kneeling villagers.

Here was a distracted people making a covenant which was to culminate in the production of the world's greatest miracle play.

Apparently the vow was heard. The plague abated. All the sick among them were healed, and no one else died of the disease.

With thanksgiving, the humble villagers set out to fulfill their sacred obligation. They have kept their covenant to this day, bequeathing it from generation to generation. Through crop failures, famines, pestilence, and years of poverty, the faithful villagers have kept alive their vow.

THEY set about to prepare their little village to make it fit for the Master's work. Cleanliness and sanitation were compulsory. They painted their cottages white with frescoes of Bible scenes etched in pastel colors on the gleaming outside walls. They planted shrubs and flowers, adding freshness and beauty to every nook and corner of the village. Had they been expecting a visit from the Master himself, they would not have prepared more diligently. Here was a gifted people, artists inspired by their beautiful surroundings and their deeply religious feelings, sculptors and wood carvers producing some of the world's greatest art.

From the populace was chosen a committee of forty persons presided over by the priest, who called the members together in the church to pray for guidance.

"In all we do let us remember our vow," he admonished. "If we work together with holy zeal, many Christians will be edified and strengthened in their faith and will renew their resolutions to serve God. Perhaps the scenes of the Redeemer's love will draw tears of repentance from the eyes of sinners. We must live as we teach, because if our work is to be blessed to the hearts of men, we must live in our private lives as he taught us to live."

The choosing of the cast was accomplished with care and deliberation. The villagers awaited the decision of the committee with feverish excitement. The announcement was to bring anticipated honor to some, and to others disappointment. The greatest honor bestowed upon any man of Oberammergau was to be chosen for the role of Christus. Every maiden lived in the hopes of some day meriting the role of Mary Magdala.

The task of writing the script and musical score was an arduous one. The music, sweet and simple, yet profoundly beautiful, was composed by a young man who died at the age of twenty-four.

In any drama the problem of costumes is vital. All the costumes for the Passion play were made by the women of Oberammergau. Fine materials were imported at great cost from Munich and the Orient. Copies of paintings of Bible scenes by Raphael, DaVinci, and other artists were brought from Germany and used as a guide for designing the costumes. From the simple garments worn by Christ and his disciples to the rich robes of the chief priests and Pharisees, every garment was a work of art in itself. The scenes and properties were all made by the artists of Oberammergau and

displayed intricate carving and superb painting.

With the building of a gigantic new amphitheatre, in the year 1900, a new era began for the Passion play. The theatre was erected in the same meadow where the stage had stood years before. It is a great massive structure seating 4,000 people and containing many entrances, which enable the spectators to disperse quickly.

WITH the new theater came an increase of tourists to witness the play. Since 1634 they have produced the Passion play every ten years, the schedule having been broken only three times: by the Franco-Prussian War in 1870, by the aftermath of World War I in 1920, and in 1940 by World War II. What a sight to see the blind being led by his more fortunate brother, the crippled leaning heavily upon his crutches, the prince rubbing elbows with the pauper, the unlearned and philosopher side by side. They pour in by rail, by motor, and on foot.

The evening before each performance, the band marches through the street playing stirring music. At five-thirty the next morning the cannon sounds, and the people gather at the theatre. Eighteen acts and twenty-five tableaux depicting the last few days of Christ's ministry glide one into the other without the slightest interruption. Beginning with the triumphant entry into Jerusalem, the play lasts all day, with only a short intermission for lunch. The scenes are so vividly portrayed and so realistic that the wife of the actor who takes the part of Christ is seldom able to remain through the scenes of the crucifixion.

During World War II, prospects appeared not too bright for Oberammergau. Many wondered whether or not there would be another presentation of the Passion play. Over a hundred stalwart young men were lost in the war.

With the approach of 1950, however, interested playgoers are turning again to Oberammergau, and the little village will not disappoint them. Peace, hope, and enthusiasm have taken the place of confusion, chaos, and fear, and the industrious Bavarians are getting ready for the many spectators anticipated in the 1950 tourist invasion.

The villagers will all be kept busy. Repairs on streets and buildings are proceeding. Guest houses are being built, water supplies expanded, and the gigantic amphitheatre is to be beautified.

A loan of $300,000 from America will lessen the financial burden of rehabilitation, and thousands of Americans, with other tourists, will thrill to the inspired reproduction of Christianity's oldest and greatest miracle drama.

## *Language of the Trees*

*Ruth Harwood*

The towering pine trees are a symbol
Of our upward reaching aspiration to the light,
And the aspens are the dancing golden joy
Of our hearts upon a glowing mountain height.

# Dark in the Chrysalis

*Alice Morrey Bailey*

## Chapter 6

Edith Ashe, a widow, forty-seven, finds she is falling in love with her employer, Cory Lewis, a business man in his fifties. As companion to his mother, an aged and crippled woman, she has also assumed management of his large, badly decorated house, and has become attached to his daughter, Linnie, a singer, who is home from Boston to be married in June. She and Linnie redecorate the living and dining rooms into beauty, using Edith's lovely furniture which has been stored. The activity improves Edith's health, makes the girl happy, gives the grandmother something to live for, and stimulates Cory, on his return from a trip, to undertake the complete renovation of the old place for the wedding. Cory's announcement that he is going to marry, plunges Edith into disappointment.

EDITH lay awake a long time, alternately tormented and tormenting herself with questions and accusations after Linnie's unexpected outburst at the table. It was no use to tell herself that she was silly and romantic, or to be amazed that she could think of herself and Cory with Marvin gone only two years. The truth of it was she could and did, and it seemed not to have anything to do with her feeling for Marvin, to alter it in any way.

She went over events leading to her present attitude, analyzing how this feeling for Cory came into being. It had been so from the first time she heard his voice, even before she met him, she realized. There was something dynamic and compelling that had drawn and held her, even over the telephone, even when he was away. Except for it she would never have taken this job in the first place, nor stayed once she was here. Why had he sparked her to exert her very best efforts, to increase her capacity? Why had she taken his daughter Linnie to her heart, as if she were her very own?

More than that, she had sensed a reciprocated feeling in him. There were those moments when, as tonight, he had admitted her to his parenthood by so small and intimate a thing as a wink. These things had created that sense of belonging, that feeling of dovetailing in their personalities.

It was no use to conjecture whether Linnie thought her father meant marriage with herself or someone else. Either was humiliating. Of course Linnie must have meant someone else, but deeper than embarrassment was this definite sense of loss.

By morning, however, she had herself well in hand, having gone back to her original motive in doing the things she had done. It was still good. She had wanted to help Linnie, influenced or not influenced by Cory's personality. She had helped Linnie, and she still wanted to finish the program she had started. Inadvertently she had helped Mrs. Lewis and even Amanda, nor would she gloss over the fact that she had helped Cory.

Pleased as she was at his approval, she had not launched upon this project as a bid for it. While her

motives were not so clear-cut these last two weeks, still she would continue to plan and work for Linnie. At last, she was able to go to breakfast with no shame in her heart before either Linnie or her father.

"Morning, Aunt Edith. What's on the program for today?"

There was no rancor in the girl's greeting, no seeming remembrance of last night's scene at the table. After the first guarded and searching glance there was none in Cory's.

"We start on you next, my good girl," Edith said.

"Oh, lovely. I hoped so. I know exactly the wedding dress I want, but I want you and Daddy to see it before I buy it."

"Where is it, Linnie?" asked Cory.

"At Kauffman's, just across the street from your office. I hope you can spare a moment to run over, Daddy. They have the bridesmaids' dresses, too."

So it was that, though Edith would have preferred to avoid Cory, she met him again in the afternoon. Her black suit, slim and smart, bought with two full weeks of wages, and her new hat, a gorgeous creation in black straw and pastel flowers, and the distinguished English walkers, gave her the dignity she needed to keep even her inflections and gestures at the correct balance of interest and disinterest. Nobody, simply nobody, was ever going to find out how she had felt about Cory, how she still felt.

SHE ignored alike his quick look of appreciative appraisal when he saw her, the way he gripped her hand when Linnie came out of the fitting room—an angelic vision in white satin and lace—and his guiding hand on her elbow as they left the store. She burned with anger at herself, however, that she continued to experience a sharp awareness at his slightest touch.

Edith bought a new dress for the dinner Friday night, thinking that it would do also for Linnie's wedding as she might want her to help with the serving, or to list the wedding gifts. The jacket was of metallic cloth in pale pink and silver, with a long, slim skirt of black crepe.

On the night of the dinner, the pink highlighted her skin and the silver borrowed sparkle from the rhinestones of her necklace and ear clips. With her hair done high in a coronet and curls, she felt very festive. A maid came to help Amanda with the serving.

"You understand you are to remain with the guests, to help entertain them," Cory told her once, rather abruptly. "When Mother is tired and wants to go to bed, Amanda will help her."

"Yes, Mr. Lewis," Edith said obediently.

The dinner was a success from any point of view. The food, made from Edith's favorite recipes, was exactly right, from the chilled fruit cup to the tall, frosty desserts.

Cory, at the head of the table, looked handsome and distinguished, and was an excellent host. Mrs. Lewis was surprisingly aristocratic in her lavender silk, with her white hair and black eyebrows. Her sharp wit was at its best, and brought roars of delighted laughter from the guests. They adored her, and

she loved being adored. Her black eyes snapped and her cheeks turned pink with excitement. The small diamonds in her pierced ears glittered and twinkled. Edith could hardly reconcile her with the bitter and lonely old woman of her first acquaintanceship, with the corpse-like look she had on that first afternoon when she had fallen to sleep. Tonight she was like a young girl. Linnie herself could not have been more happy. In fact, Linnie was a little subdued. Of course the guests had pounced on her.

"This isn't Linnie!" they declared, and added many more such social inanities, and the usual banter about her coming wedding, the old, stale marriage jokes. Linnie smiled and was gracious, her manners letter-perfect, but there was still a look of reserve about her. She was lovely as a Rembrandt painting in a flowered, bouffant taffeta, her fair hair shining, her eyes and lips softly dark on her creamy skin. Cory should be very proud of her, Edith thought. No one ever had a lovelier daughter. Edith felt a thrill of pride herself, but wished the guests could see the girl in all the glory of her personality.

The conversation was not so scintillating and brilliant as Edith had half expected from these professional men and their wives. Instead, it was more homely and was warmly interesting. Edith liked these people—the Goodings, the Farleys, and Bowmans, the Pierces, and the Westings, felt comfortable with them; they were her kind.

They were close friends of Cory's —friends of long standing, and the dinner had not progressed as far as the club steaks before Edith had singled out the woman Cory was going to marry.

SHE was handsome and charming and her eyes, flatteringly interested, rarely left Cory's face. If it seemed she was a little possessive, Edith put it down as justifiable under the circumstances, the fact that she noticed it, to her own pangs of definite jealousy. She was a Mrs. Hartwell—Cory called her Jane—and she had come with the Goodings.

Cory had introduced Edith simply as Mrs. Ashe, not elaborating her position in the home. There was not a raised eyebrow in the group, but Edith could feel questions, tangible in the air. Its tension remained until Edith asked Linnie to sing. She had noticed Cory glancing at his daughter occasionally, a puzzled concern lingering in his eyes, even while he seemed to listen to Jane, to keep the conversation moving along. She guessed that he felt the same as she did—wanting them to see the girl at her best.

"Linnie, you must sing for us," she told the girl.

"Oh, Aunt Edith, I would rather not," protested Linnie. All eyes at once turned to Edith. Immediately the question in the atmosphere changed to conjecture, but the guests followed Edith's lead, pressing Linnie to sing.

"Linnie, do sing for us," Edith urged, and continued, "the child has a nice voice. She has been in Boston, studying, you know." She was wickedly delighted, thinking what a surprise was in store for them. Cory caught the little in-

nuendo of her understatement, and winked at her secretly.

"Well," said Linnie, "if I am going to sing I want to do it now, before I eat another bite. I've eaten too much already."

Accompanying herself, Linnie sang a gay Italian street song, her flute-like voice clear and true on the rapid, intricate notes. The guests applauded her enthusiastically, demanding more, as their food cooled on their plates.

"She must have a recital," Jane declared, when Linnie would sing no more. "I'll arrange it."

"That's good of you, Jane," said Cory. "She should have had one, but now there is hardly time."

"She must have a recital."

"No, it would be too much for her just now. Besides, she has no accompanist."

"I can get Emily Dante. She's almost world-famous, you know."

"It is out of the question," stated Cory firmly. "The arrangements, a hall, the advertising—"

"Forget it," Mr. Bowman spoke up. "I manage the Guild Hall. Best acoustics in town, and a cancellation for June tenth. It's all yours."

"And what's my newspaper good for if it won't advertise her?" chimed in Mr. Pierce.

EDITH thought, with consternation, of all there was to do before the wedding. Cory was right. It would overtax the girl, but she stole a look at Linnie. Her face was flushed with excitement and pleasure. Linnie wanted that recital.

"But she hasn't been practicing," protested Cory, his defense crumbling. He, too, could see the look on Linnie's face.

"She has practiced every day since she came home," Edith spoke firmly. "No one in this town ever heard such music as she will give them."

"All right," agreed Cory, resigned. "If it can be done right. It shouldn't be a second-rate affair."

"It won't be, Daddy," Linnie promised.

When they rose from dinner she squeezed Edith affectionately in passing. "Your argument won, Aunt Edith," she whispered. "I wish it were you Daddy is marrying. You are the prettiest woman here and I love you."

Linnie's words were balm to Edith, thinking as she was, what a striking couple Cory and Mrs. Hartley made. Any hopeful doubts she might have harbored were dispelled when she led the women upstairs to repair any damage the dinner had done to make-up and lipstick.

"Of course, you must be Linnie's mother's sister," Mrs. Gooding told her in an aside, and went on without waiting for her to reply. "We've wondered for years why Jane and Cory didn't marry. They are so right for each other, and Jane could have done so much for Cory, and for Linnie."

"I'm sure of it," smiled Edith. "They look very well together."

"Perhaps they will, now that Linnie is leaving."

"Perhaps," agreed Edith, noncommittally.

It was preposterous, Edith scolded herself, to mourn the loss of something she had never had. Per-

(Continued on page 426)

# European Pottery and Porcelain

*Rachel K. Laurgaard*

Ilustrated by Elizabeth Williamson

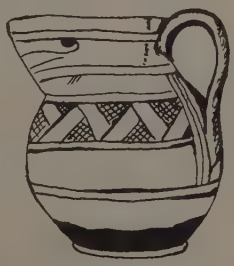
FAIENCE PITCHER
Medieval French

DO you cherish a bit of Dresden china, a dainty ballerina in her petticoat of lace, or a flower-sprigged dish with latticed edge? Or, is your pride and joy a fragile set of French Haviland scattered with wild pink roses, which grandmother once used for Sunday dinners? Perhaps a compote of Italian majolica, spilling over with gaily colored fruit is the conservation piece on your buffet, while plaques of blue and white delftware decorate the dining-room walls.

There is a long and fascinating history behind these pieces of European pottery and porcelain, the story of ambitious artists and chemists, potters, and merchants striving to perfect ever more beautiful or more durable wares.

Until the first specimens of Chinese porcelain reached Europe probably in the twelfth century, Europeans had supped, since time immemorial, from unglazed earthenware, wooden or metal dishes. Such beautiful and mysterious ware as Chinese porcelain excited their wonder and admiration. Princes and potters desired above all things to discover its secret. But they had no knowledge whatsoever of Chinese methods or materials and, for generations, they tried and tried without success.

Among the most determined experimenters were the potters and alchemists of Northern Italy, whose patrons, the wealthy merchant-princes of the fourteenth century, were desirous of developing a lucrative porcelain industry of their own. The ships of Venice, Genoa, and Florence were bringing ceramic treasures not only from the Far East but from the Mohammedan countries of the Near East, as well. The Mohammedans specialzed in a



ITALIAN MAJOLICA
1400

GERMAN FAIENCE
Lower Rhine Earthenware
1783

brilliantly glazed pottery on which splendid iridescent lusters were painted. From the Moorish traders of Majorca, an island off the coast of Spain, the Italians learned that the secret of this lovely glaze was oxide of tin, and henceforth "majolica" ware—named for Majorca—beçame a famous product of Italy. The city of Faenza manufactured so much majolica, that when the craft spread to France and Germany, it was by the name "faience" that this tin-glazed earthenware was known.

The early shapes of Italian majolica were simple, but later productions drew heavily on history and mythology for complicated painted scenes. Grotesque creatures, part human and part animal, were formed into handles and pouring spouts. Majolica apothecary jars were decorated with the medical symbol of the staff of Hippocrates entwined with serpents.

The peak of artistic excellence was reached in Florence under the patronage of the de Medici family, when the sculptor della Robbia was the chief designer. His cupids and flowers and baskets of fruit, using lovely blue, Siena red, copper-green, manganese purple, and clear yellow, and his bas-relief plaques of the Madonna and "Bambino" have ever since been favorite subjects of Italian majolists.

IN spite of these successes, the Florentine potters continued to strive for porcelain. Believing, quite naturally, that its translucence meant that it was a form of glass, they finally evolved the formula for an imitation porcelain composed of a large amount of glass and a small amount of clay. This they decorated with designs reminiscent of Chinese blue and white. A few pieces of this so-called de Medici porcelain survive in museums and collections, but after the death of Francesco de Medici in 1587, no more of it was made in Italy.

SEVRES VASE

France picked up the idea, however, and made quite a thing of it. The fact that it was an enormously expensive process—so many of the pieces broke in the firing—did not deter the luxury-loving Louis XIV from sponsoring this artificial porcelain making, first at Rouen and later at the faience works of St. Cloud near Paris. There were factories at Chantilly, also, but it was the royal factory at Sevres which became the most famous. Throughout the eighteenth century, all sorts of gorgeous pieces issued from its kilns. Large vases and candelabra, made in plaster molds, sometimes in separate parts, and united together with screws or bands of chased ormolu (ground gold), were painted with beautiful background colors of rose, blue, or green. Small panels of white were left and on these delicate miniatures were painted; there was also much gilding.

LIMOGES PITCHER

Sevres glassy-porcelains were made to please the extravagant tastes of the wealthy. More modest productions for everyday use came from other faience factories of Europe. One of the most popular of these was the beautiful light-weight, tin-glazed pottery which had been made from about 1600 in the city of Delft, Holland. Decorated with scenes in blue monochrome, suggested, no doubt, by the Chinese porcelain which the Dutch East India Company imported, delftware was so popular that many French and German factories tried to imitate it, some of them with enduring success.

MEISSEN FIGURINE

German faience never attained the perfection of delft, but it had

DELFT "PORCELAIN AXE"
Dutch Faience

a certain charm of its own, and appeals to us because the designs are so much akin to our own "Pennsylvania Dutch" art.

While the artificial porcelains of France were being perfected, Augustus the Strong of Saxony was encouraging developments of a more sensational nature. A young alchemist by the name of Johann Friedrich Bottger, whose reputation as a maker of gold had caused the King of Prussia to attempt to detain him in order to replenish his treasury, was captured in turn by Augustus, and told to produce gold or else. . . ! The unfortunate youth soon had to admit his limitations, but he volunteered to earn money for the king by making fine faience. To his eternal credit, Augustus consented, and a factory was established at Dresden. Soon Bottger and his staff were producing a very hard red pottery which found a ready market, and were experimenting with a white clay to be found near Dresden, which remained white after firing. For the fusible element they used alabaster instead of feldspar or quartz, which made the ware extremely hard and not easily chipped.

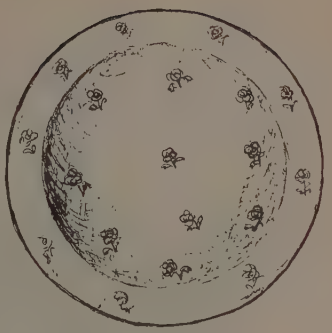
AT last the secret of true porcelain had been discovered! A factory was set up in the fortress of Albrechtsburg, high on a hilltop overlooking the city of Meissen, and the workers were closely guarded lest they escape with their precious formulas. Bottger did not live long—he died at the age of thirty-seven—and during his lifetime, Dresden china was not a very perfect product. But under his successor, Herold, it became the finest ware that Europe has ever produced. Oriental styles were copied for the most part, especially those of the Japanese artist Kakiemon. Kandler, who followed Herold as director, specialized in the figurines which have been reproduced ever since. His monkey orchestra, a caricature of the Royal Dresden Orchestra, is well-known, and other little groups from fairy tales, the opera, or French paintings were turned out by the thousands, delicate flowers modelled in porcelain, decorated candlesticks, clocks and dishes of all sorts and descriptions.

Of course, there was no such thing as keeping the porcelain process a secret. The works at Meissen had hardly come into production when disgruntled craftsmen escaped and sold their knowledge to other eager princes. A factory was started in Vienna in 1718, and, even before that, Berlin was copying Bottger's first red stoneware. They soon made porcelain in the manner of Dresden,

as did Munich, Nymphenburg, Strasbourg and Ludwigsburg.

The Sevres factory continued to make "soft paste" porcelain until the French Revolution, when the new government had no use for such expensive luxuries. In the meantime, fine kaolin deposits had been discovered at Limoges, and when Napoleon reopened the factory, it was real porcelain and not artificial that was made.

It took an American by the name of David Haviland, however, to put European porcelain within the reach of everybody's purse. He was a New York importer, and when he found that he could not persuade the Limoges factories to make enough of the style and designs that Americans wanted, he closed his import business, moved his family to France, and became a porcelain designer and decorator himself. That was in 1840. Between that date and the time of the first World War, he and his son had stocked most of the china cupboards of the United States with fine Haviland china.



HAVILAND PLATE

Today, the Scandinavian countries are capturing the market for fine porcelain with lovely pieces from the Royal Copenhagen Factory in Denmark, and other smaller works. Their designs are simple and modern in feeling—or are they, rather, more ancient in feeling than all the rest—reverting to the principle of the Chinese of the Sung Dynasty of so many centuries ago, that there is an inherent beauty in the material itself that needs no extra embellishment from pigment or gold?

## *Mountain River*

*Elizabeth Waters*

Roar and ripple, splash and murmur—
Young her mother taught her
The endless lullaby that is
The sound of mountain water.

Crystal, amber, emerald,
In sands and shallows gleaming,
Were part of treasure caught by
Mountain water in its streaming.

Pools that mirrored branch and cloud—
Peace a bird-wing shivers—
Reminded her how various were
The moods of mountain rivers.

# Notes From The Field

*Margaret C. Pickering, General Secretary-Treasurer*

All material submitted for publication in this department should be sent through stake and mission Relief Society presidents. See regulations governing the submittal of material for "Notes From the Field" in the *Magazine* for April 1950, page 278, and the *Handbook of Instructions*, page 123.

## BAZAARS, SOCIALS, AND OTHER ACTIVITIES

**Photograph submitted by Venice Ricks**

### SAN JOAQUIN STAKE (CALIFORNIA), STOCKTON WARD SOCIAL HONORS SEVEN RELIEF SOCIETY PRESIDENTS, March 17, 1950

Standing, left to right, in order of service as Relief Society presidents: May Moyes, Grace Tuggle; Luella Hansen; Hilda Perkins; Wealtha Mendenhall; Venice Ricks; Sylvia Stone.

Venice Ricks, President, San Joaquin Stake Relief Society, reports that this organization began in 1920 as a small mission group. A delightful musical was part of the social honoring these women, with the Singing Mothers directed by Dorothy Sutton, with Rita Spracher as accompanist. Refreshments and dancing followed. President Sylvia Stone presented each former president with a lovely corsage. Each former president then recounted the outstanding events of her administration. Nine women formed the initial group; there are now over one hundred Relief Society members in this ward. Two of the former ward leaders are now stake Relief Society presidents, Hilda Perkins of Oakland Stake and Venice Ricks of San Joaquin Stake.

## WOODRUFF STAKE (WYOMING), RELIEF SOCIETY OFFICERS VISIT HILLIARD WARD RELIEF SOCIETY

Esther L. Warburton, President, Woodruff Stake Relief Society, reports an interesting visit to the Hilliard Ward Relief Society:

"On the afternoon of March 21, 1950, four of our stake board members . . . made a trip to the Hilliard Ward, elevation 7,600 feet. Snowdrifts four and five feet high were still there. . . . Fourteen members are enrolled; eight were present, also the bishop. Although they have only fourteen members, the Hilliard Relief Society has eighteen subscribers to the *Magazine*. The literature lesson was given by a woman who is the mother of eight children, the youngest being twin boys, fifteen months old. The presentation of the lesson revealed extensive preparation and was given intelligently and pleasingly, and the class participation was excellent. The visiting stake officers spoke and each bore a fervent testimony to the truthfulness of the restored gospel. The bishop also spoke and said that he visited the meetings frequently and always enjoyed the lessons. . . . Such a visit increases our appreciation and clearly shows the advantages gained by membership in our beloved organization. . . . As we returned home we marvelled at the accomplishments of those sisters who are handicapped by weather conditions, long distances, poor roads, and the necessity of making their own fires and carrying their own coal and wood. . . . Our stake is scattered. We are in two states and three counties."

**Photograph submitted by Lillian Flake**

## SOUTHWEST INDIAN MISSION, MOENCOPI (ARIZONA) BRANCH RELIEF SOCIETY CONDUCTS SUCCESSFUL BAZAAR

Front row, seated on the ground, left to right: Emma Sewing; Maggie Kaye.

Second row, seated, left to right: Vida Honahni; Lea Sonny; Rose Jackson; Mary Numkena; Esther Bilogody; Rita Honahni; Pauline Ravinyana.

Third row, standing, left to right: Lillie Gilbert; Lois Talas; Bonny Keyopi; Zelma Albert; Hattie Numkena; Evelyn Fredericks.

Back row, standing, left to right: Betty Sutopkie; Freida Nasetoinirva; Juanita Loma; Hazel Garcia; Agnes Pickett, a Southwest Indian Mission missionary in charge of the Relief Society.

Lillian Flake, President, Southwest Indian Mission Relief Society, reports that these women are very interested in their work and that their recent bazaar was a successful demonstration of their handwork and an occasion for rejoicing among the sisters.

Photograph submitted by Fannye H. Walker

## TAYLOR STAKE (CANADA), RAYMOND THIRD WARD SINGING MOTHERS

Front row, left to right: Mrs. George Court; Fern Spackman; Rae Smith; Josephine Hawk; Zina Anderson; Maybelle Anderson, chorister; Emma Dahl, at the piano.

Second row, left to right: Fannye H. Walker; Ethel Jacobs; Ella Hancock; Zilphia Garrett; Phoebe Dahl; Mozelle Baker; Mabel Heninger.

Third row, left to right: Angelina Witbeck, President, Raymond Third Ward Relief Society; Idelle Kenney; Lottie Graham; Lula Stevenson; Annie Adams; Helen Holt; Irene Halliday; Mrs. McGillivary; Mabel Salmon; Ruth Salmon; Madge Fairbanks.

Lisadore B. Crookston is president of Taylor Stake Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by May W. Halliday

## ALPINE STAKE (UTAH), SINGING MOTHERS ASSEMBLED AT STAKE QUARTERLY CONFERENCE

The director, May W. Halliday, stands in the center, front row; Inez Karren, pianist, at left; Joy Green, organist, at the right.

This group furnished the music for the stake conferences October 1948, June 1949, and will sing at the conference in June 1950. They also sing at special Relief Society conferences and meetings. All of the sisters are very interested in musical activities and they have learned and presented many interesting and beautiful numbers.

Alice W. Carlisle is president of Alpine Stake Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Florence N. Singleton

## COTTONWOOD STAKE (UTAH), GRANT WARD VISITING TEACHERS

Seated, center front row, President Esther K. Gunnell; at Sister Gunnell's right, Second Counselor Gertrude S. Humphries; and at Sister Gunnell's left, First Counselor Mary N. Reading.

Florence N. Singleton, President, Cottonwood Stake Relief Society, reports that there are thirty-five visiting teaching districts in this ward, all having a perfect record of visits for the past eight months, with the exception of two months with not over three districts missed.

Photograph submitted by Winniefred Manwaring

## EMIGRATION STAKE (UTAH), SINGING MOTHERS ASSEMBLED AT STAKE CONFERENCE, February 12, 1950

Seated at the organ, organist Beatrice Davies.

Standing in front of the organ, stake Relief Society officers, left to right: Secretary Sarah Barrett; First Counselor Effie Yates; chorister Dean B. Norberg; President Winniefred S. Manwaring; Second Counselor Effie Green.

Winniefred S. Manwaring, President, Emigration Stake Relief Society, reports that this group has furnished all the music for the Emigration Stake Relief Society union meetings for the season. Included in this group are a number of ward Relief Society presidents and nearly all the members of the stake Relief Society board. Ninety-three out of the one hundred Singing Mothers of this group appear in the picture, which was taken at the time the stake was divided and the new University Stake was formed.

Photograph submitted by LaPriel R. Eyre

CANADIAN MISSION, WINDSOR (ONTARIO) BRANCH, RELIEF SOCIETY BAZAAR, September 1949

Standing, left to right: Genevieve P. Smith; Elizabeth D. Clarke; Edith E. Latam; Jeanie J. Hanna, President; Jean F. Schofield.

LaPriel R. Eyre is president of the Canadian Mission Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Ruth C. Black

BIG HORN STAKE (WYOMING), SEVEN PRESIDENTS OF OTTO WARD RELIEF SOCIETY

Left to right, Myra Anderson; Evelyn Christiansen; Belle Sanders; Emma Sprague; Esther Winters; Delsa Wardell; Maria Heath.

Amelia Robertson is president of Big Horn Stake Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Lucille H. Spencer

## NEBO STAKE (UTAH), LUNCHEON GIVEN FOR ALL WARD EXECUTIVE OFFICERS, February 13, 1950

Stake Relief Society officers, standing: first, at left, President Lucille H. Spencer; ninth from right, First Counselor Vera Finch; fifth from right, Second Counselor Beth Dixon; third from right, Secretary-Treasurer Emma Broadbent.

This luncheon was given at the home of Elsie Eckersley.

Photograph submitted by Pearl G. Williams

## OGDEN STAKE (UTAH), THIRTIETH WARD, YOUNG MOTHERS AND THEIR CHILDREN ASSEMBLED FOR RELIEF SOCIETY MEETING

Pearl G. Williams, First Counselor in the Ogden Stake Relief Society, reports that a weekly kindergarten is conducted in this ward, thus permitting the young mothers to attend the meetings and participate in Relief Society activities.

Ward officers are: President Olive Vandenberg; First Counselor Myrtle Taggart; Second Counselor Laura Blanch.

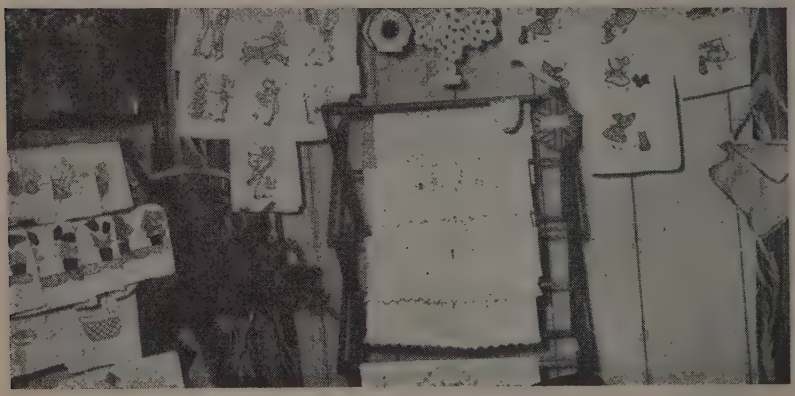
Cleona W. Hedenstrom is president of Ogden Stake Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Edna H. Bennion

SPOKANE STAKE (WASHINGTON), DISHMAN WARD RELIEF SOCIETY ANNIVERSARY PARTY, March 17, 1950

Left to right: Secretary-Treasurer Lila Godfrey; First Counselor Edna Gessel; Second Counselor Loa Jaten; President Zelda Conrad.

Edna H. Bennion is president of Spokane Stake Relief Society.



Photograph submitted by Louise H. Woolley

AMERICAN FALLS STAKE (IDAHO), ROCKLAND WARD BAZAAR November 8, 1949

The above photograph represents only part of this extensive and beautifully displayed bazaar. A very beautiful quilt (not shown in this photograph) was pieced and the top given to the Relief Society by Elizabeth E. Wakley Perry (who died January 10, 1950). The quilt which was featured in this bazaar and another, which Sister Perry presented to the society shortly before her passing, were pieced after she was

eighty-six years of age. Just a few weeks before her death she attended a work meeting and bound a quilt.

Louise H. Woolley, President, American Falls Stake Relief Society, reports that the sisters of the Rockland Ward Relief Society are very active and co-operative. Two women, nearing the century mark, are active workers in the society.

Photograph submitted by Della H. Teeter

## DENVER STAKE (COLORADO), ENGLEWOOD WARD, A MOTHER AND HER THREE DAUGHTERS ALL VISITING TEACHERS IN THE SAME WARD

Seated, the mother, Lottie Christiansen.

Standing, left to right: Wilma Laurunen; Helen Robinson; Leona Benson.

Della H. Teeter, President, Denver Stake Relief Society, reports that the visiting teacher convention was held February 16, 1950, with a program of visiting teacher messages, appropriate music, and a timely one-act play. Many of the sisters traveled well over one hundred miles to attend the convention. Special tribute was paid to Denver First Ward Relief Society for their 100 per cent visiting teaching record during 1949, under the direction of President Annie Ellsworth. Also, special attention was called to the Englewood Ward for having a mother and three of her daughters all serving as visiting teachers in the same ward.

## YOUNG STAKE, IGNACIO (COLORADO), UTE INDIAN BRANCH RELIEF SOCIETY

Josephine H. Maher, committee woman on Indian Affairs, Young Stake Relief Society, reports that the first meeting of this group was held June 8, 1949, with an attendance of twenty-six. The number attending since that time has varied somewhat, but at present is increasing. The Indian women are taking an active part in the program of Relief Society. Brother William A. Pope is president of this branch and his wife, Essie Pope, conducts the Relief Society activities. Meetings are held in the community building at the Ute Agency. The children attend primary at the same hour that their mothers attend Relief Society meetings.

Harriet D. Foutz, who passed away in April, was president of Young Stake Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Lavena Rohner

INGLEWOOD STAKE (CALIFORNIA), LA CIENEGA WARD RELIEF SOCIETY BAZAAR AND DINNER, December 2, 1949

Left to right: Odette Coulam, President; Eva Quigley, *Magazine* representative; Mae Pierce, assistant work director; Carlin Grant, Secretary; Vera Larsen, organist; Ethel Taylor, visiting teacher instructor; LaRue Nelson, First Counselor; Mona Rose, visiting teacher chairman; Adelia Carter, Second Counselor.

Lavena Rohner is president of Inglewood Stake Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Zina P. Dunford

EAST PROVO STAKE (UTAH), WYMOUNT BRANCH RELIEF SOCIETY OFFICERS SERVING SINCE JUNE, 1949

Front row, left to right: Mary Bankhead, theology leader; LaBelle Bond, Second Counselor; Laurene Arnett, President; Elaine Cline, First Counselor; Lou Stone, former second counselor.

Back row, left to right: Ferne Bowser, visiting teacher supervisor; Delma Romney, visiting teacher supervisor; Miriam Hansen, *Magazine* representative; Norma Gibby, visiting teacher supervisor; Carma Richmond, chorister; Ruth McIntire, literature class leader; Barbara Johns, former work meeting leader; Clea Burton, social science class leader.

Zina P. Dunford, President, East Provo Stake Relief Society, reports that this is an active and enthusiastic organization of young women whose husbands are students at Brigham Young University. In December a bazaar was held at which quilts, clothing, handwork, and baked goods were sold. These women also conduct a successful catering service.

# A Letter from Mother

MY DEAR CHILDREN:

Greetings and love to you, this beautiful day. My heart is lifted up and my soul is inspired with gratitude for the goodness of our Heavenly Father to all his children. Probably my mood today is influenced by the fine sermon we heard last evening in our sacrament meeting.

There were two talks given, but one was especially interesting to me. "Listen to the still, small voice," the speaker said, and that is one of my favorite themes.

May I take you, my dear young folks, into my own line of thought on this subject? The promptings of the spirit within us, I have found, can be a definite guide to our pathway, if we heed them. But sometimes our lives become so filled with this world's duties and responsibilities that we do not listen and learn, even when we most need its help.

We are told in John, 6th chapter, 35th verse, "He that cometh to me shall never hunger; and he that believeth on me shall never thirst." Doesn't this mean that if we seek God humbly, we shall receive his inspiration and help?

When the Prophet Joseph Smith prayed in the grove, with all his heart and soul, to be directed in the most momentous decision he had ever tried to make, he was surprised and frightened to be suddenly almost overcome with oppression, which spirit he knew was evil. But he had his reward in a very short time, for his earnest prayer had been heard. He listened to the voices of God and Christ and received a glorious message for all the world.

But had the Prophet not heeded the whisperings of the "still, small voice," and searched the scriptures because of it, he might never have read John, 1st chapter, verses 5 and 6, and thus gained the incentive to offer such a prayer.

At one time President Wilford Woodruff had the experience of being awakened in the night with a strong impression that he should move his bed from the place where he and his missionary companion were sleeping under a tree. He followed the promptings, and they had no sooner moved clear of their position when the tree was struck by lightning.

Sometimes our promptings may not seem to be so strong as this, but we can cultivate a listening ear. We can *want* to receive help so much, in all our walks of life, that we will gain that help in such seemingly small, personal matters, that we may wonder at God's watchcare over his children. It has been so with me.

May our Heavenly Father's blessings ever be with you, my darlings. May he guard and keep you safe within his sheltering arms. My dearest love to you now, and always.

MOTHER

Clara Horne Park

# *Beautiful 3—Part Choral Music for Singing Mothers*

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 255 | Dear Land of Home—Sibelius | .15 |
| R2782 | God Painted a Picture — DeRose | .20 |
| | I Bow My Head in Silent Prayer — McNeill, Gallop Krenz | .20 |
| R3368 | If God Forgot—O'Hara | .20 |
| 1560 | In the Garden—Miles | .16 |
| 6235 | Look in Mercy Upon Us—Mendelssohn | .15 |
| 900 | My Faith Looks Up to Thee —Mason | .15 |
| R2260 | My Own America—Wrubel | .20 |
| 1075 | Send Forth Thy Spirit—Schuetky | .15 |
| 2092 | Somewhere, Beyond the Sunset—Ackley | .16 |
| 658 | Watch and Pray—Hamblen | .15 |

**MUSIC SENT ON APPROVAL**

**Mail Orders Filled Promptly**

**WE PAY POSTAGE**

We have a complete stock of popular, sacred, and classical music for home, church, and school; Steinway and Lester pianos; band and orchestra instruments and accessories; and records.

FIRST OF ALL—RELIABILITY

**Daynes Music Co.**

45-47 SOUTH MAIN STREET

SALT LAKE CITY 1, UTAH


# Dark in the Chrysalis

(*Continued from page 410*)

haps her feeling was made up largely of the need for security, which alone was not pretty. Uglier still was the possibility it had been whetted sharper by covetousness. At any rate it must be relentlessly inhibited. She was too adult to let emotion devastate her. She had had a fine, full life with Marvin. Let that be. What matter if the needs of life went on after his going? Her need for companionship could be diverted to something else fine and useful. There was too much to do to waste time in useless moanings. Edith realized suddenly that she was done with self-pity for good and all.

When flowers were delivered to her the following morning, she accepted them in the spirit of their sending.

"Gratitude," the note from Cory, read, "for a wonderful dinner, to a charming and competent hostess and a lovely lady."

"Thank you very much for the lovely flowers, Mr. Lewis," Edith said politely at dinner. "Talisman roses are my favorites."

Gratitude it was, of course, for the opportunity of showing his home, his daughter, and his mother to his friends, for helping him to pay back some social obligations.

After this brief respite, Edith turned back to the problems of Linnie's wedding with renewed vigor and broader scope, now that she knew a little more of Linnie's background—and of Cory's.

WITH June almost upon them, there were parties for Linnie in swift succession, the house filled with laughing, rushing young people and Cory's more sedate friends.

"How I wish Paul were here to have all this fun. I knew from my friends, being engaged was a wonderful time in a girl's life," confided Linnie. "I never thought it would be like this for me, that anyone cared enough or knew enough to make it this way."

"Your father loves you very much, Linnie," Edith reminded her. "He was fairly bursting with pride at dinner the other night."

"Oh, I know he does, Aunt Edith. But I never would have known except for you. You are the one who pried open the difficult places, opened the way for all these relationships for me, all these happenings. All my friends want to give parties, and are so nice to me. They wouldn't, without you starting things first, though. Even Daddy's friends. Mrs. Hartley is giving me a shower next Tuesday. I think it is very sweet of her, don't you?"

"Indeed I do," answered Edith, injecting warmth into her voice to cover the wave of jealousy that shook her. "And she is arranging your recital, too," she reminded.

"I know, and I so much wanted one. I worked really hard at my music, Aunt Edith, and it seemed so useless not to have even one recital. I was jealous of Mrs. Hartley, I guess, and I didn't want Daddy to marry her. She is really nice, and if Daddy wants to marry her, why—"

"How many people are coming to your lawn party?" Edith inter-

SEARS
ROEBUCK AND CO.

PARK FREE!
SHOP EASY!
SAVE MORE!

At your nearest Sears Store, where you'll find that GOOD QUALITY ALWAYS COSTS YOU LESS!

"Labor Is Life"
Utah's Land-grant College
gives liberal and practical education for several hundred occupations.
1650 courses in 60 departments
Schools of
AGRICULTURE
ARTS AND SCIENCES
COMMERCE
EDUCATION
ENGINEERING AND TECHNOLOGY
FOREST, RANGE, WILDLIFE MANAGEMENT
HOME ECONOMICS
GRADUATE SCHOOL
Autumn Registration: Sept. 28, 29, 30
For Information Address
Utah State Agricultural College
LOGAN, UTAH

*Brigham Young University*

SUMMER QUARTER

First Term: June 12—July 21
Second Term: July 24—August 25
Alpine Term: June 19—July 23

Twelfth Annual Music Festival
Band and Orchestra Clinic
Distinguished Visiting Teachers
Outstanding Resident Faculty

A Broad Offering in All Departments
Lectures—Concerts—Recreation

Write for your Summer School Catalogue

**Brigham Young University**

Provo, Utah

**DID YOU KNOW?**

That now you can Rent a small spinette

**HAMMOND ORGAN**

for your home with full credit of all rent towards purchase price.

Write or See

**GLEN BROS. MUSIC CO.**

Est. 1907

Salt Lake Ogden

rupted, to quickly change the subject, for she was not able to bear it longer.

She should be glad someone else helped out with Linnie's affairs, she told herself sternly. Goodness knows she was accumulating tiredness, trying to keep up with both the girl and her grandmother, even though they had kept the maid who came to help Amanda with dinner because she was so brisk and adept. The announcements and invitations had brought a flood of letters and gifts that Linnie, practicing earnestly for her recital, was unable to cope with.

Edith was weary to the bone each night, never rested enough when it was time to get up, but she wanted it that way. Even so, it was miraculous that she could work so hard when she had considered herself an ill woman three months ago, not much more than able to creep to bed and soak the pillow with tears. Work was good, but once Linnie was married, she told herself, she would leave this house. Now that her self-confidence was restored there would be other jobs as exciting and stimulating as this one.

Perhaps she could find some way to take a course in interior decorating. She might even go to college and finish her qualifications for a Bachelor of Arts degree, interrupted when she married Marvin. Older women than herself appeared capped and gowned at college graduations. With the business of childbearing and child rearing done with, there was no limit to what she might do.

Yes, she would leave this place. She would quell once and for all

this middle-aged romanticism. She could never do it here, not with this silly excitement every time the front door opened, or the telephone rang during Cory's office hours, this acute consciousness of him when he was home.

Not only that, but she feared she would be surprised into a fatal self-betrayal sooner or later, like the night she almost was as she ascended the stairs.

"Edith!" Cory's voice caught her, coming from below, and she stood transfixed with headiness for a moment, barely able to compose her face to mere politeness before turning to answer him.

"Yes, Mr. Lewis?"

"Yes, Mr. Lewis. No, Mr. Lewis. Thank you, Mr. Lewis," Cory repeated looking almost angry. "Edith, are you angry at me for some reason?"

"No, Mr. Lewis."

"I see. Well, good night, Mrs. Ashe," Cory said, and turned abruptly away. Edith, her bones turned suddenly to water, proceeded to her room, wishing for the old days, when she would have wept into her pillow.

(To be continued)

✦ ✦ ✦

# Hall of Fulfillment

(*Continued on page 387*)

fully she hung up her school clothes before she got out her lace-edged petticoat and her blue-flowered challis dress with the lace bertha and wide sash. She changed to clean stockings and her black patent-leather slippers. After that she had only her hair to comb. She picked up her brush and blue ribbons and went into her mother's room. Excitement raced through her like a flood. This was the night!

In the bedroom, her mother, dressed in her blue taffeta, was helping Helen's father with his black tie. "What on earth!" she exclaimed, turning to face Helen.

"I'm ready for the party. I got ready all by myself, except for my hair." Her whole face glowed with pride and happiness.

"Well, you can go right back into your room and take those clothes off." Her mother said the words sharply. She had had a hard day after a succession of hard days, and she had yet to preside over the celebration tonight. "Your supper is ready," she added more kindly when she saw the glow leave Helen's face. "It's in the warming oven. You get it out when the boys bring in the milk."

"But the party—I'm going to the party for the workers on the building." Helen still felt there was a chance her mother would relent. She held out the brush and ribbons, her eyes big and pleading.

The remembrance of some of the countless errands the child had run must have come to her mother's mind. Her voice softened. "You can't go, child. It's only for grown-ups. It will be late, too, and you have school tomorrow." She braided Helen's hair into the big night braid.

# Summer Term at L.D.S.

**Registration June 5-12**

Besides a full curriculum of business courses, L.D.S. Business College offers you many other benefits. Among these is the setting of ideal environment. Across its lovely campus rise the spires of the Temple—L. D. S. Church offices are at its door . . . and the heart of a great city lies less than a block away. Truly here is an environment to inspire the imagination and to cultivate the spirit of learning.

New classes both day and evening begin in June . . . lay plans now for enrolling.

You are cordially welcome at . . .

**L. D. S. Business College**

70 North Main - Salt Lake City, Utah

RELIEF SOCIETY SINGING MOTHERS ORDER YOUR CONFERENCE CHORUS NUMBERS EARLY FROM

# Beesley Music Co.

*Pioneer Music People*

70 So. Main St. Salt Lake City, Utah

| Quantity | Title | Price Per Copy |
|---|---|---|
| ..... | "I Will Thank Thee, O Lord" | 12c |
| ..... | "O, Shepherd of Israel" | 15c |
| ..... | "Hear My Prayer" | 15c |
| ..... | "He That Keepeth Israel" | 15c |
| ..... | "How Lovely Are Thy Dwellings" | 16c |
| ..... | "O Day of Rest and Gladness" | 15c |
| ..... | "My Soul Is Athirst For God" | 15c |
| ..... | "Unto Thee I Lift Mine Eyes" | 18c |

NO POSTAGE NECESSARY

Mail To .....
Name

Address .....
City State

Bill To .....


Helen did not appeal her case. She might have reminded her mother of all the times she had fetched and carried. Instead, she turned her head and went silently across the hall into her room. If her mother did not appreciate the things she had done, no one else could be expected to understand.

HER face on the bed, she stifled her sobs in the pillow. When her father and mother called a hurried goodbye, she did not speak.

After what seemed hours the crying stopped. She took off the blue dress, now wrinkled, and the lace, soggy from her tears. Downstairs, she washed her face, but she did not eat supper. When a feast is expected, leftovers do not satisfy.

She felt there was no justice in her mother's decision. She remembered what Addie had said on Old Bridge and felt now, as she had felt then, that her contribution had not been trivial. "I'll never tell anyone how I feel," she said aloud in the darkness of her room. "Inside me I know." With this comforting thought she fell asleep.

The next morning she was very quiet. It would have been good to ask questions: what had been said in the speeches and had the readings been comedy ones? She wanted to know, too, what John Patterson had sung and played on his guitar. But she did not ask and never would.

At the usual time she started for school, her eyes still a little swollen. If she hurried she could go by the Hall. In the crisp morning air it *did* look different! It looked whiter, bigger, and more imposing. She

especially liked the front stoop and steps, all made of smooth cement. It looked as if it would do all those things the women had longed for through the years when they said, "If only we had a Hall of our own."

This morning, looking at the shining cleanliness of the bricks and paint, it did not matter that she had not gone to the party and her name had not been mentioned among those who had served. What mattered was that the Hall was there, ready to give itself in service. All who had helped would share in its abundance.

She took one more look at the brave new building, resting where once the fort wall had been. Then she hurried on to school.

* * * * *

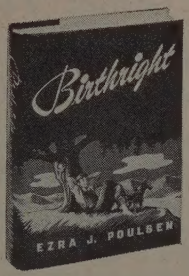
"AREN'T you going to tell us the story?" There was real impatience in Joan's soft, young voice. "You have our curiosity aroused."

Helen looked at her family. The three of them were staring at her.

Beyond them, out of the window, she could still see the smooth lawn, the gay perennial border, and clipped hedge. She felt she had no words, no way of telling her children how different it had been those many years ago. As she was silent then, she was silent now.

"Yes," Bill, her husband, said, "we'd really like to know." His paper, with the black headlines, slipped from his lap, ignored.

"There's nothing to tell—that you'd be interested in," she said. Then she smiled at the three of them. "Be off, all of you, if you don't want to be late."


The L.D.S. NOVEL of 1950

365 pages

You'll love this big, intense story of faith and courage by a Relief Society Magazine writer.

$3.00 Postpaid

ORDER NOW

Clip Coupon

Name .....

Address .....

GRANITE PUBLISHING CO.

P. O. Box 2521, Salt Lake City, Ut.

6 cents sales tax in Utah

*Professional and Social Stationery*

★

COMMERCIAL AND EDITION PRINTERS AND BOOK BINDERS PAPER RULING

DESERET NEWS PRESS

40 Richards Street, Salt Lake City 1, Utah

# From Near and Far

Ramona W. Cannon, author of "The Short Story with a Plot," has contributed many articles, stories, and poems to Church magazines and local newspapers. One offering, "The Taking of Christmas City," won a *Deseret News* Christmas story contest.

With her marriage to Joseph J. Cannon, Ramona Wilcox became mother to three children ranging in age from seven to two and one-half years, and added four more children to the family. Mr. Cannon was a former editor of the *Deseret News* and author of numerous plays. Five of the seven children show creative literary tendencies.

Four of the children were with their parents in England, where Elder Cannon presided over the British Mission (1934-1937) and Sister Cannon was president of the Relief Society in that mission.

Mrs. Cannon holds a Master of Arts degree from the University of Utah, and has, at various periods, taught in that institution, in history, English, and languages. Before her marriage she spent a year in Europe, traveling and studying French in Paris and German in the University of Berlin. She spent one and a half years in Colombia, South America, with her husband and their (at that time) five children.

Mrs. Cannon has been a judge in many literary contests and is a leader in several writers' organizations. She is the author of "Woman's Sphere," a regular feature of *The Relief Society Magazine*.

One at a time—and sometimes two or three at a time—Mrs. Cannon has been active in all of the Church organizations.

* * *

I am greatly enjoying the *Magazine*. The stories are delightful.

—Grace Sayre, Pasadena, California

I love the *Magazine* and look forward each month for its arrival. There are so many worthwhile things in it. My husband enjoys reading it, too, and finds much therein to help him in his everyday life.

—LaPreale W. Ketron,
Davis Dam, Nevada

We, here in this community, were especially interested in the story "Now I Know by Inez Bagnell (February, 1950). Inez is a niece of Sister Grace Callis and is a very gifted and fine person. Her story was about her grandmother who was blind for many years before her death. The grandmother was an Arizona pioneer and her body was taken there for burial. It was on this trip that Inez visited the old homestead, which inspired her story. We would like to see more of Sister Bagnell's stories.

—Thora R. Lambert, Kamas, Utah

I've hesitated for weeks in writing this, but I have to clear my mind, for I think our *Relief Society Magazine* is tops. I am very perturbed over the note in the December 1949 issue, page 864, signed *A Bishop*. The very idea of this person thinking our *Magazine* is sad! It is anything but sad, in my opinion.

—Mrs. N. Cannon, Magna, Utah

I have taken the *Magazine* for twenty years and love every issue of it. I find it gets better and better as time goes on. We are especially proud to have two of our Boise women win prizes in the recent short story contest—Dorothy C. Robinson and Florence Berrett Dunford. My first recollection of Relief Society reverts to my association with Sister Robinson. She has been an inspiration and help to me and I have long admired her and her work. As a literary class leader she was a source of strength and support and we of the Boise Stake love her very much. She is now a stake counselor in Relief Society.

—Edna J. Vickers, Boise, Idaho

I want to write and tell you how much my husband and I enjoy *The Relief Society Magazine*. He reads the stories and enjoys them very much. We also like the poems. We go thirty-four miles to Brookings to attend Sunday School and hold Relief Society meetings after Sunday School.

—Mrs. Raymond Marso,
Brandt, South Dakota

# *Gifts—*

# *for a lifetime:*

**ARTICLES OF FAITH** ..... **$6.00**

By James E. Talmage

Beautifully printed on Bible paper, gilt edges, full-limp leather, flexible binding. Maroon or black.

**Library Edition, cloth** ..... **$2.00**

**JESUS THE CHRIST** ..... **$7.00**

By James E. Talmage

A companion volume for thin paper, leather-bound edition of The Articles of Faith. 804 pages high quality flaxopaque paper, limp leather, gilt edges; black and maroon.

**Library Edition, cloth** ..... **$2.00**

**VOICE IN THE WEST** ..... **$5.00**

By Wendell J. Ashton

Packed full of human interest and stories of historic events.

## Deseret Book Company

44 East South Temple Street
Salt Lake City 10, Utah

**and from your local dealers.**

*Mention The Relief Society Magazine When Buying From Advertisers*

BANCROFT LIBRARY
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
BERKELEY 4 CALIFORNIA

GEN BO-253-3974 DEC

# The sweetest thing

U AND I SUGAR

PRESERVE HEA
*in the home*
with abundance of fr
canned fruits and
tables for all yea
Sugar is a preser
and an enricher.

UTAH-IDAHO SUGAR COMPAN